PRIMO CARNERA—A Revelation

JUNE 23,
1934

Liberty

5¢

Printed in Canada

PUMPKIN COACH—A Love Story by
KATHLEEN
NORRIS

NEW TIRE SAVES LIVES
— Gives Months of Extra Miles

New Goodrich Silvertown Only Tire That Gives You Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

HAVE *you* ever had a blow-out speeding along at 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour? Have *you* ever felt the steering wheel torn from your hands as if an invisible giant gripped it? Have *you* ever lived through those sickening seconds when your car lurches wildly from the road to crash in spite of all you can do?

An amazing invention

It's a risk no man should run. A risk no man has a right to expect his family to run. Especially since Goodrich engineers have now perfected the Life-Saver Golden Ply — the amazing new invention that makes the "safest tire ever built" 3 times safer from blow-outs at today's high speeds.

What causes blow-outs?

Today, due to high-powered motors and smaller wheels, the heat generated *inside* the tire is terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny *blister* forms. And grows —bigger—until BANG! A blow-out!

But now, to protect you and your family, every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing new Life-Saver Golden Ply. This invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated before it begins.

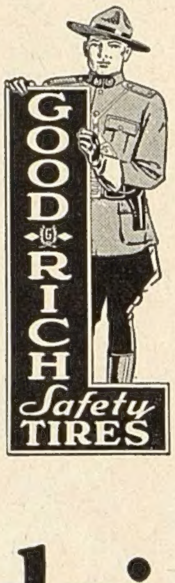
Here's proof!

Time after time the Golden Ply Silvertowns were tested—at breakneck speeds. Run day after day till the tread was worn smooth. Not one blow-out. Similar tires *without* the Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

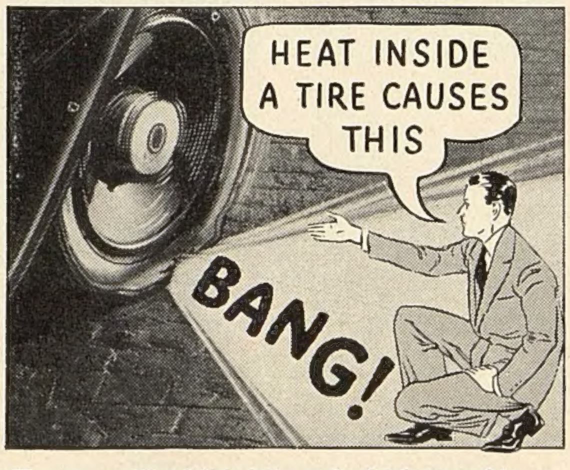
Why take chances when you can be 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds—get months of extra mileage—at no extra cost! Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires.

Look for the "Mountie"

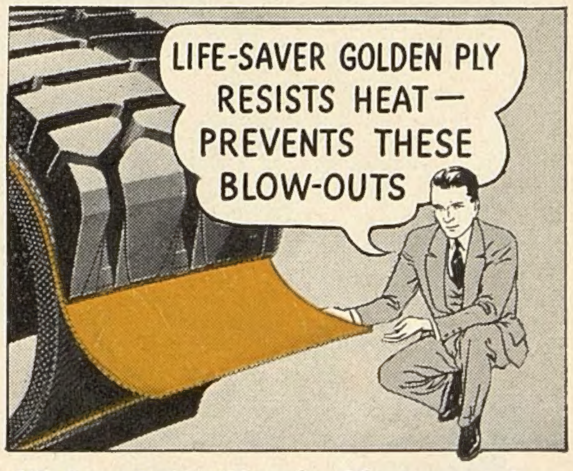
This sign is displayed by Goodrich dealers. It tells you where you can buy the Goodrich Safety Silvertown with Life-Saver Golden Ply. Drive in where you see the "Mountie".



BLOW-OUTS NEVER GIVE WARNING..
X MARKS THE SPOT WHERE YOU MIGHT LAND IF YOU HAD A BLOW-OUT


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

Heat starts "invisible blisters" which grow bigger and bigger until "BANG" . . . a blow-out.


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT— PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

Life-Saver Golden Ply makes Silvertowns 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

"Mr. Waterman, this is the point I like," said Seth Parker

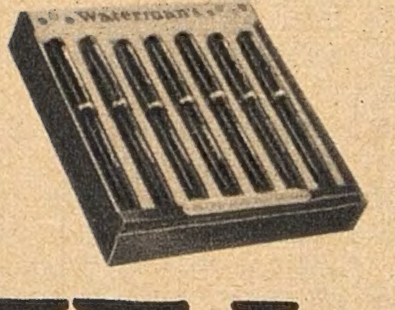
PHILLIPS H. LORD
of Radio Fame

No. 7 Jet with "Tip-Fill" ... for Clean Filling

It is one thing to have a pen-point that seems satisfactory . . . it is a revelation to have *the* pen-point that is absolutely correct for *you*.

Only Waterman's offers seven points for selection, one of which will perfectly suit your own distinctive style of handwriting. When you write with it, you will immediately realize what a big difference the RIGHT point makes . . . in ease and smoothness of writing and in writing-pleasure and satisfaction.

It's Interesting to Make the Waterman's 7-Point Test



Fifty years of experience supplying pens to hundreds of thousands of persons have produced the Waterman's range of seven points . . . available in *all* Waterman's models.

Dealers everywhere display the Waterman's Point Selection Tray and invite you to write with *all* seven points.

50th ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INVENTION OF THE FIRST PRACTICAL FOUNTAIN PEN
1884 1934
Waterman's

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SIMPLEST AND MOST PRACTICAL FILLING DEVICE . . . GENEROUS INK CAPACITY . . . BEAUTIFUL COLORINGS

JUNE 23, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 25

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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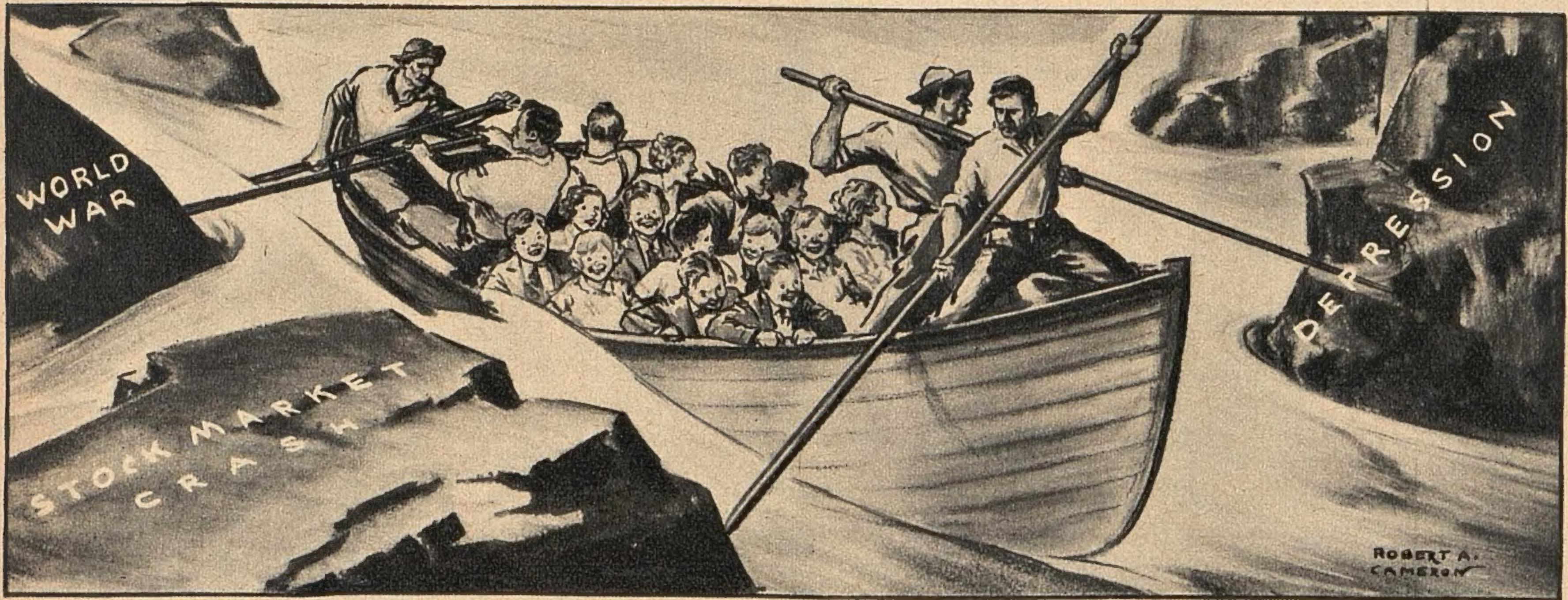
THE LOST GENERATION?



"GOD created man in His own image and man promptly returned the compliment."

The rather cynical Frenchman who coined this phrase must have encountered a singularly obnoxious type of critic now rampant in Canada's midst. You know the type—the chap who sits in judgment upon everything and everybody except himself.

This particular breed of critic reserves his poisoned shafts for the wartime generation, or "generation of the lost," as he chooses to term it. He scoffs at its sufferings, views its sacrifices with pitying contempt, and regards its future with foreboding. His chief oratorical pastime is tearing its traditions to tatters and reviling its "self-seeking political leaders who have reduced this generation to the soulless husks of burned-out men."

It is time those of us who have undergone these rigorous experiences rose in defense of our generation. We have permitted these overzealous and self-appointed critics their heyday. Somehow, our generation of "has-beens" has managed to muddle through a world war, an unparalleled stock-market crash, vast and intricate social readjustments, plus a multitude of other national and international crises. And we may fairly claim to have brought the world through it all on a fairly even keel.

History alone can properly appraise the deeds of heroism during the World War, performed by this same "lost generation." But history, we fear, will never record the million and one deeds of heroism constantly and modestly enacted the past four years by those same "burned-out husks of men."

Picture Stanley Baldwin standing beside a ticker tape watching a family fortune in British steel stocks disappearing before his eyes. One word from him could have saved this fortune, but he never uttered it. To have unloaded his holdings on the market at that critical period would have created a panic—a national catastrophe! England's former Premier was unostentatiously remaining true to the traditions of "a lost generation."

Recall the unforgettable heroism of a Japanese doctor on Africa's west coast. Deliberately he injected deadly fever germs into his blood stream. Stoically he met his death, but not before he had bequeathed to generations to come a priceless heritage in freedom from the deadly scourge he had conquered. Yet the critic who casts God in his own puny mold contemptuously terms the generation to which this little yellow man belongs a "soulless one."

Recently, in a large Canadian city, a mangled veteran narrated a memorable story in the cause of peace. Lying badly wounded in a German hospital during the war, he had called for cigarettes. The orderly had curtly denied him. Suddenly he felt a hand on the coverlet of his bed. A German soldier, wanly smiling, held out a fistful of "smokes." As the Canadian reached for the gift, he noticed the outstretched hand stiffen and limply drop. In the final gesture of good will toward his enemy the Boche had given up his life!

Our generation may not be all that was hoped for it. But what generation ever was? Yet it has piloted the world through a series of crises that would have daunted the type of weakling with which the critic labels it. And we sincerely believe it will pass on to the next generation an infinitely better world to live in.

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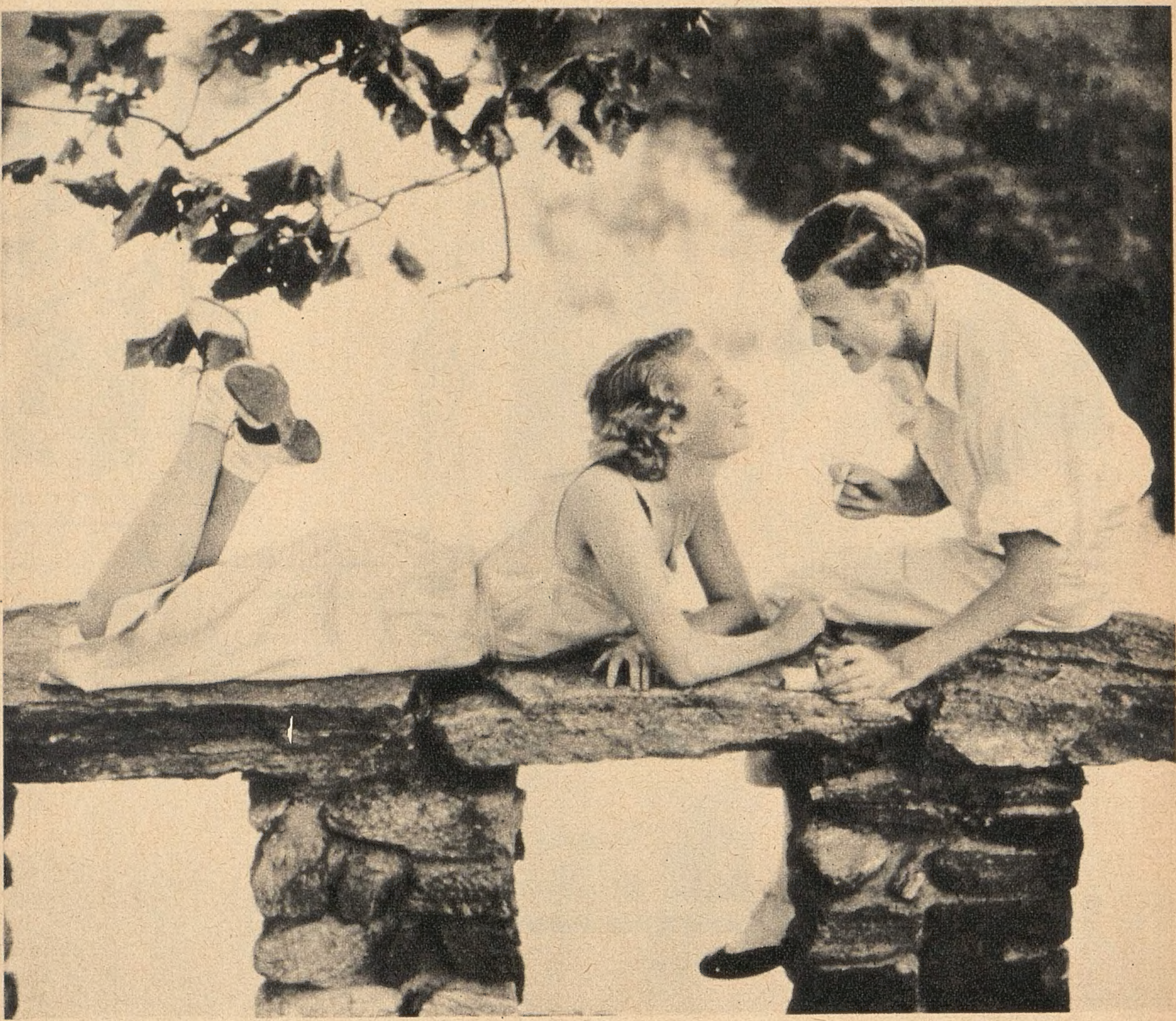
Grand Summer smoking-mate

It's getting buzzed about everywhere: "There's no smoking-pal for the good old summer-time like a cool, fresh-tasting Spud." Spuds' coolness does for fine tobacco what a shade tree does for the August sun. *Try them!*



Spud's secret. It's menthol, but not menthol in the *smoke.* Spud's tiny bit of menthol does its work *in the cigarette,* by simply *cooling* the smoke. So Spud offers just pure tobacco goodness, *with the heat taken out.*

Spud
CIGARETTES

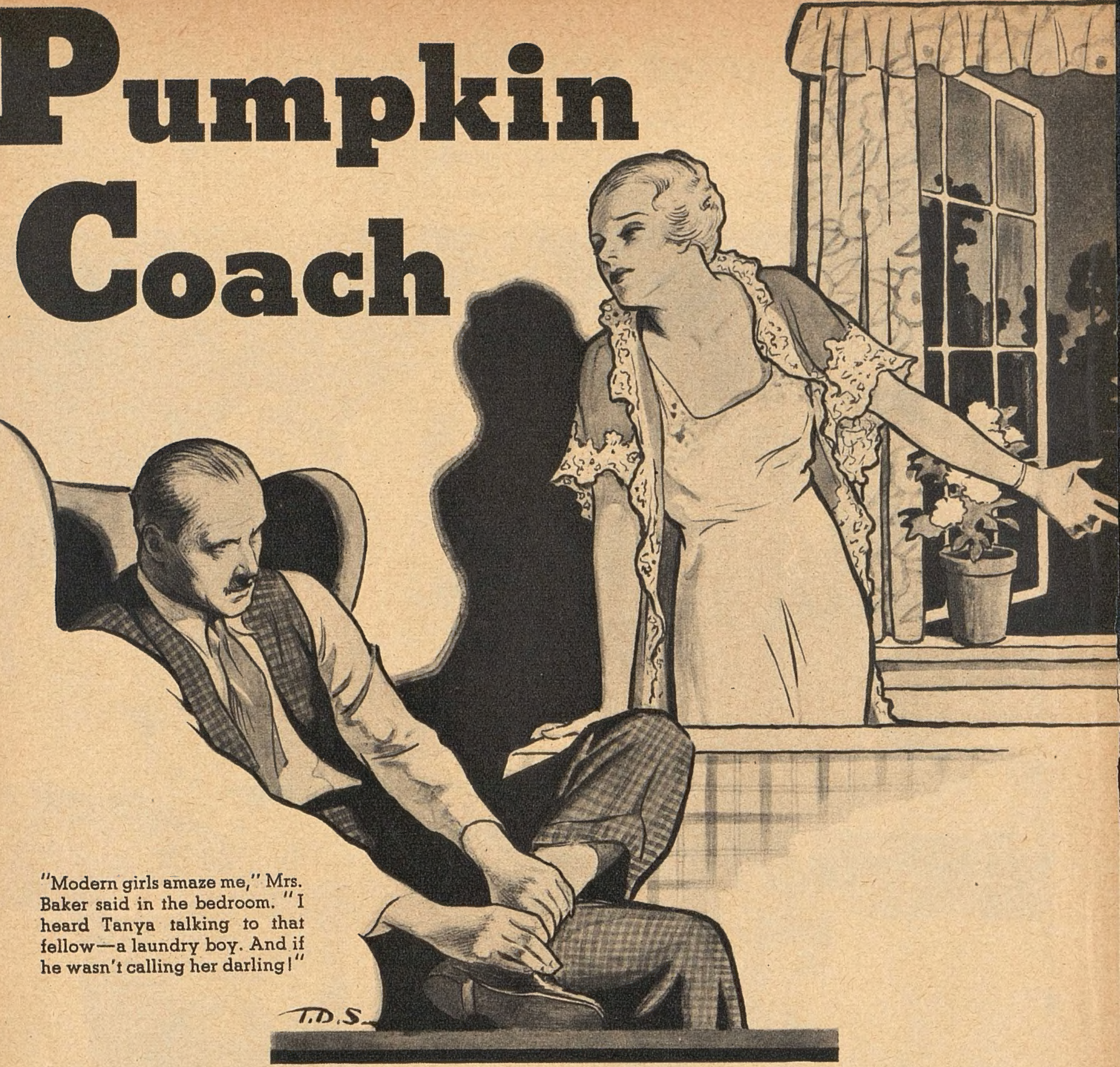
SPUD

MENTHOL - COOLED
CIGARETTES

25c THE PACKAGE

ROCK CITY TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED, QUEBEC

Pumpkin Coach



"Modern girls amaze me," Mrs. Baker said in the bedroom. "I heard Tanya talking to that fellow—a laundry boy. And if he wasn't calling her darling!"

READING TIME
29 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A STORY of LOVE TRIUMPHANT

ANY chance of your being in London? Oh, divine! We'll be there in April!" Patricia Ashburton said at her airiest, at her most elegant.

Tanya was watching her, and watching Warren McBride as he listened, and her heart turned to lead.

"Might be! Never can tell!" Warren responded cheerfully. "Where d'you stay?"

"Oh, with my uncle at the embassy," Patricia could say easily, superbly.

All the other girls—Tanya and Rosemary and Ann, Constance and Doris—pretended instantly that they were not impressed. But perhaps more than one felt the despairing sensation that Tanya Baker did: felt once again a hopeless jealousy of Patricia, who had everything, went everywhere, dressed, talked, played tennis and golf better than the rest of them, and was the beauty of the group.

"If she wants Warren McBride she'll get him!" Tanya said drearily in her thoughts for the hundredth time.

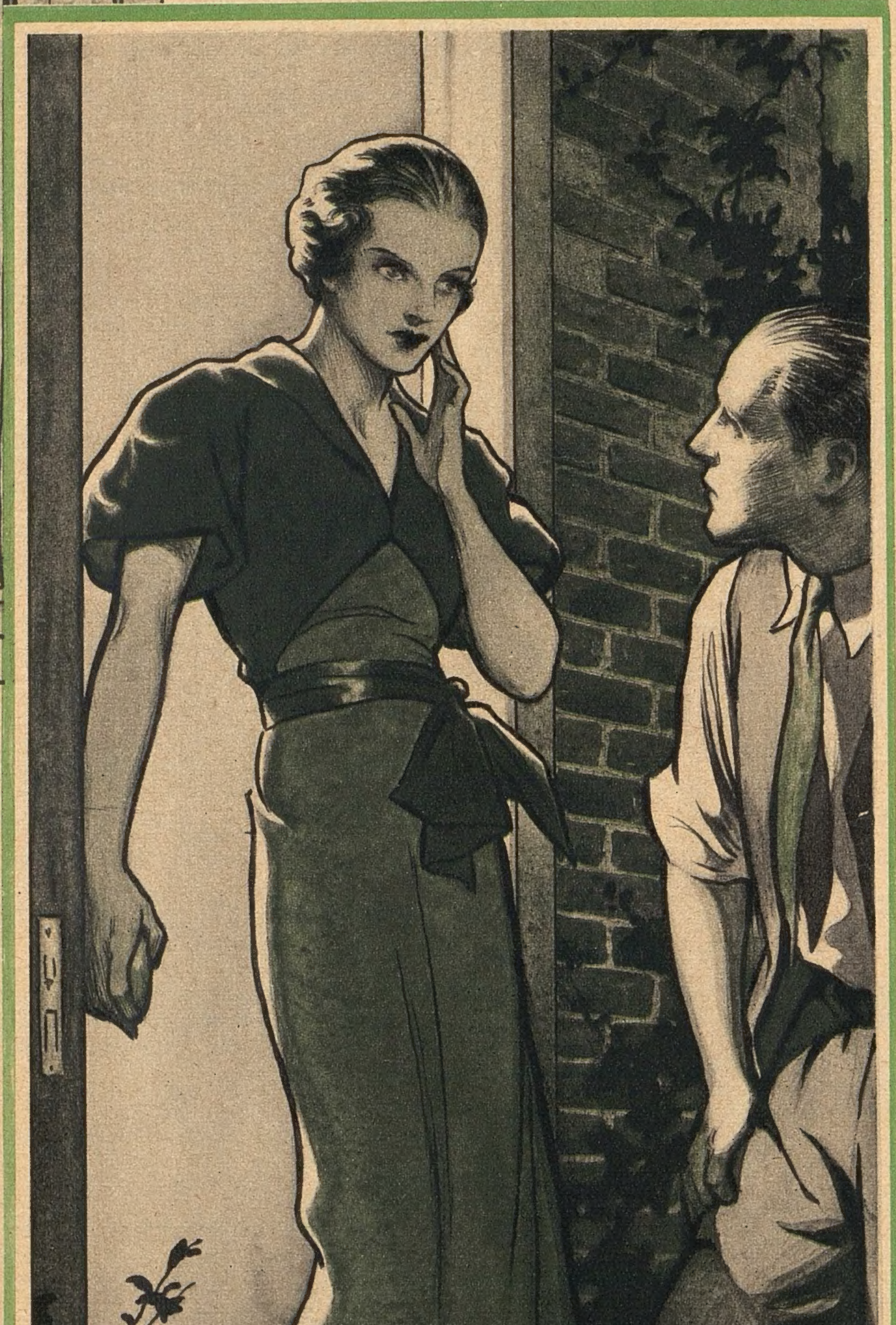
A dozen of them, men and girls, were lounging at the fireplace in the country club's big square hallway—all members of what the newspapers fondly called "the exclusive younger set."

Quite suddenly, spurred by Patricia's magnificence, every one began to boast.

After Patricia, Tanya Baker was unquestionably the most envied, the prettiest, the luckiest of the girls; and it was Tanya who first followed Patricia's lead by saying lazily between two puffs of a cigarette:

by Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE



"The Phillipses lent us their flat when we were in London—adorable place in Hill Street. Lady Phillips adores mother."

"I adore riding in London. We knew those adorable fellows in the Argylls—" Constance began.

Doris filled a pause:

"I'd adore to go to England this year—San Francisco's so completely putrescent! But of course we have to go to my grandfather's place at Lenox. We'll probably go around in the Markers' yacht; that's *something*."

"Staying with my uncle, of course we have to be terribly official," Patricia lamented. "I mean formal dinners and calls and embassy teas—that sort of thing."

"Oh, horrible!" Tanya said, over an envious pang.

"Well, in a way it's fun. I'm to be presented, of course."

"That's rather fun," Rosemary contributed. "I like London. Paris is putrescent, but London's divine. If we go, we'll stop in Annapolis for June week. My cousin is there—you remember Cass Conington? Adorable kid. June week'll be fun. You couldn't—" She turned, just a little too carelessly, to Warren McBride. "You couldn't come down from Princeton for that?" she asked.

"Love to if I could," Warren answered in the slow voice and with the slow smile that every girl present knew that she never would forget—no, not if she lived to be a hundred!

He was big and square and lean, with a skin of Indian brownness and eyes narrowed and sea-blue. His thick mass of brushed hair was fluffy and unmanageable rather than curly, and of a brown that his dark burned face made look lighter than it was. And he was finishing his senior year at Princeton, and he had won an Oxford scholarship, and he had pulled stroke, and been runner-up in college tennis, and he shone in theatricals and had been almost everywhere. For his father was Rowlton John McBride, of the McBride Tire Company, founder of a tremendous business and a pioneer maker of motor tires.

"Riding tomorrow, Tanya?" Patricia asked her.

"Could."

"Where's your gee?"

"He's laid up. I'll have to get one."

"You can have Kaleidoscope."

"Oh, thanks, Pat!" Tanya looked at Warren. "Are you riding?"

"Pat's lending me a horse."

"Shall I pick you up on my way over?"

"Thanks awfully, Tanya, but I'm staying at Mrs. Ashburton's tonight."

"Oh, then that's all right," Tanya said—feeling it to be all wrong.

Nothing much was happening tonight. Pat was probably having two other persons in for dinner and bridge. She hadn't asked Tanya. Why not? Whom had she asked? She hadn't asked Tanya—Tanya had no engagement for tonight—

"Did I tell you about my clothes?" Patricia was now saying to Rosemary. "My dear, I've got the divinest clothes! My aunt in New York—"

Rosemary countered with a reference to the invitation from the Yeolands to spend a month in Honolulu. Tanya was sick of hearing about it. Constance was going to New York with her cousins for the last weeks of opera before Lent. Doris was still raving about the house party at the Houstons'. And Ann occasionally was detected in rapt study of her engagement ring—a slightly pointed oval diamond the size of a lima bean. Ann's young man was highly desirable on several counts—wealth, position, looks, personality—and Ann was consequently all demure complacence.

The whole crowd of them sickened Tanya. She was *deathly* tired of them, she told herself bitterly, coming out of the club into the cool spring twilight and starting to walk home. Not one of them was a real friend or cared for anything she had or could give except in the way of money and entertainment.

If the doubtful and apprehensive things her father was beginning to say of his financial situation were half of them true she could not much longer hold her own here among these friends. They would begin to notice that the Bakers were economizing, scrimping. Oh, it was horrible! Why should she be made ashamed when all the others were so complacently going their accustomed ways? Why shouldn't she have as fair a chance to attract a man—Warren McBride, for example—as any other girl had?

HE was walking beside her in the gathering twilight. Miraculously, Warren McBride was walking beside her.

"Pat's picking me up at the Jarveys' in fifteen minutes," he said. "I left my suitcase there. I *thought* that was your figure going on ahead!"

"I suddenly got extremely tired of my dear friends' voices," Tanya said, laughing. "There are moments when a light supper of cyanide of potassium seems to be the only way out!"

"For you or for them?"

"Oh, for them!"

"Listen," he said suddenly, with a second glance. "What you been bawling about?"

She felt a moment's weakness. She wanted so to tell him! Instead she asked surprisedly:

"Do I look as if I'd been crying? It's the wind, I guess. I was walking fast."

"No, but listen," he said. "What's the matter with that gang? They seem to me awfully nice. Of course I don't know them awfully well. I've only been here for visits off and on."

"For five weeks—for six weeks—they might impress you that way," the girl admitted. "But after a while it occurs to you that they're always the same, and not interested in anything but themselves."

"Ah, well, you're spoiled!" the man said.

"How d'you mean I'm spoiled?"

"Well, I mean that you've always been able to get away from what you didn't like. I mean that a girl whose father is as rich as yours is doesn't have to put up with things, make the best of them, as another girl might. Your yacht and your horses and your trips to New York and your two years in Paris—all those things might very well make you feel that life here was pretty dull!"

"And what's wrong about that?" Tanya demanded, conscious of being glad that he could not read the so different truth in her thoughts. "*You've* always had everything, Warren. Do you think of yourself as spoiled?"

"No. But I know I'm soft; I know I expect too much! I know I can't face things the way some feller could who had had to work in a coal mine—"

"Yes," the girl said, as he paused and fell silent. "But men can always get out. Girls can't. You wouldn't like it much if you had to settle down here in Hillsborough, or if some one offered you a chance to improve your character by giving you a job in a coal mine!"

"I don't exactly say I would. Gosh, are we home?" He interrupted himself with the question and a little laugh of surprise and dismay.

"I am. Will you come in? Don't, don't, don't, don't!" Tanya pronounced only the first six words; the remainder were uttered fervently in her soul.

"I can't. I wish I could, but Pat's waiting. But listen. If I came down tomorrow night could I have dinner, and then you and I could go to a flicker or go over to the Brewsters' or something. Will you?"

"I'd love it!" the girl said, her color bright.

"I'll show up about seven. Good night!"

He went away into the now thick and shadowy dusk, and Tanya stood for a moment at the doorway, her face raised, her hands pressed to her heart, her eyes closed with ecstasy.

He had touched the bell for her. She suspected that no one would come to the door. When he had reached the turn in the drive, she opened it herself and stepped into the dark hall.

BELHAVRE, the Baker place, was one of the handsomest in Hillsborough. Its splendid classic exterior rose squarely against a rich background of great trees. Its entrance hall was of Tudor design, and hung with the banners of the Knights Templars. But the interior gloom was so deep tonight that nothing showed but a faint angle of light on a stairway landing. Tanya groped for the switch; her voice rose amazedly:

"What's the matter with the lights?"

"Is that you, Tanya?" a woman's voice quavered from the upper floor.

Tanya in the dark made her way to the stairway, mounted it on a run, and was facing her mother in the dimly lighted upper hall. Mrs. Baker carried a candle.

"Tanya, come in here, baby," the older woman said, leading the way toward a large shadowy bedroom. There was a wood fire here, and beside it a gray-headed man of fifty was slumped wearily in a chair. Tanya addressed him instantly:

"Dad, something's happened to the downstairs lights. It's as gay as the tomb of the Capulets down there. That's an awful impression to make on a man like Warren McBride when he comes into a place!"

"Oh, did he come home with you, darling?" It was still her mother speaking.

"He couldn't come in. But it's an awful thing to have the whole place dark. Is it a fuse?"

"They came this afternoon and turned off the electricity," Mrs. Baker said.

Tanya regarded her in stupefaction.

"Well—" she stammered. "Have them come and turn it on again, and make trouble for some one!"

"Tanya, your father's been trying to tell you for weeks that we haven't any more money!" her mother quavered.

"I know. But we have to eat. We have to live. We own the house, don't we? I mean," Tanya went on forcefully, with an air of opposing her impatient and practical youth to their wavering tremors and inconsequences—"I mean, I'm not spending any money! We've let the horses go, we've let Broderick go, we've rented the Tahoe place, haven't we? But, after all, you can't just—*die*. You've got to live."

"I know, dear. It's all very terrible," Mrs. Baker said feebly. "We'll have to give up this place."

"Give up this house! But surely it would cost less to live here, where we don't pay any rent—"

"There are sixteen bedrooms in this house, Tanya, and the billiard room and the library and all the other rooms. There are nineteen bathrooms in all. It means too many maids. Oh, dear, dear, dear!" Mrs. Baker said, breaking down into a sort of wail. "I remember when it was built!" she said. "The magazines having pictures of it, every one talking of our Tudor mansion! Tanya was fourteen when we built it, and that's only five years ago—"

"Six, mother. I'm twenty," Tanya reminded her.

The mother answered, "You don't have to *say* you're twenty. You're still a débutante."

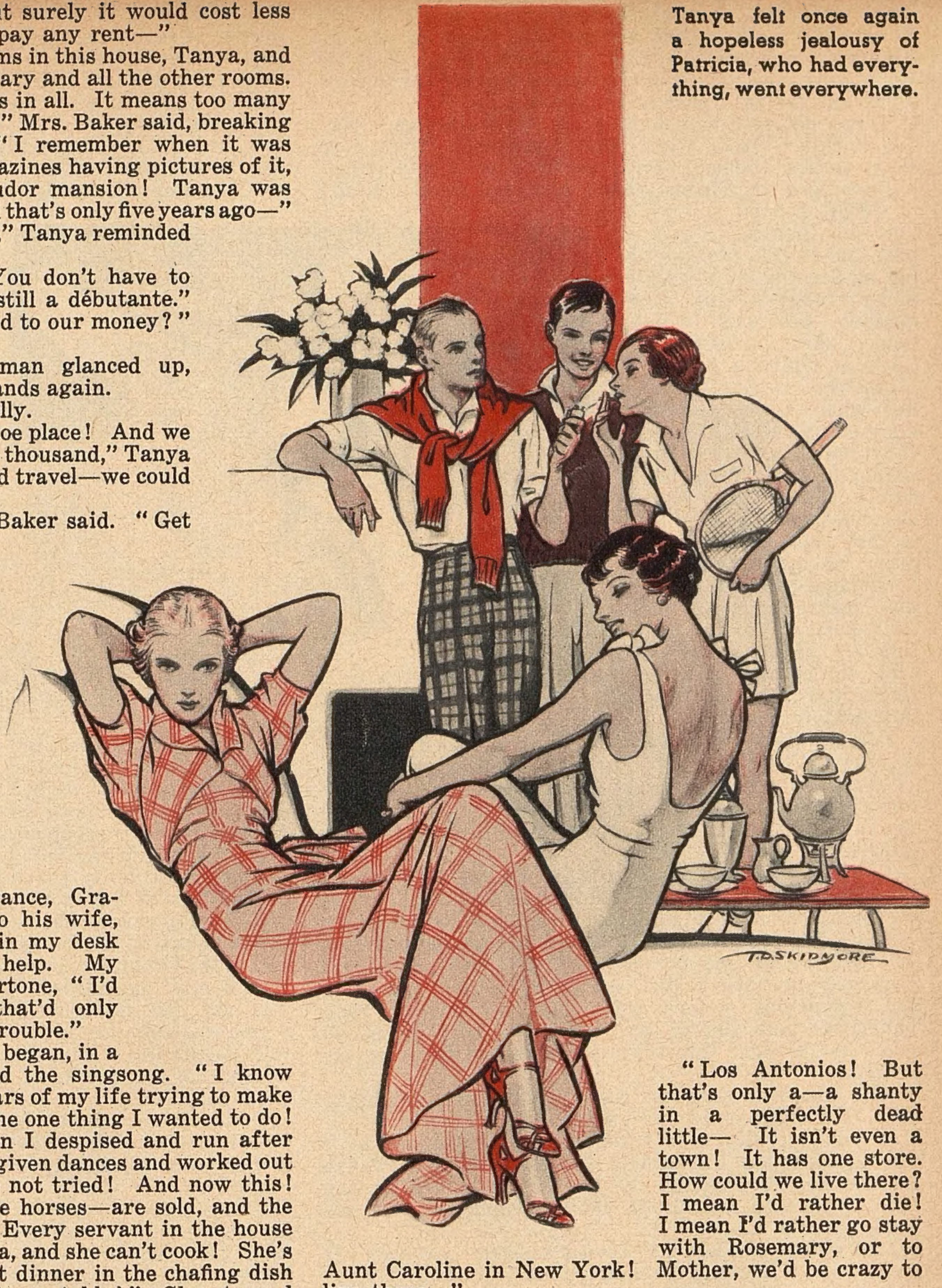
"But, dad, what's happened to our money?" Tanya demanded.

For the first time the man glanced up, glanced down at his locked hands again.

"I don't know," he said dully.

"But we've rented the Tahoe place! And we *certainly* could rent this for a thousand," Tanya stated vigorously. "We could travel—we could go to France—"

"We're broke," Pomeroy Baker said. "Get it through your heads. We're broke! I'm fifty-one and I'm done. Whatever my bolt was worth, I've shot it. I put everything I had into the mine—it's gone. It's off the market. The bank has taken over this place and the Tahoe place and the Pomeroy Baker Building—they own the chair you're sitting in, and that log there in the wood basket! They'll pay me fifteen hundred. I suppose that we can eat—



Tanya felt once again a hopeless jealousy of Patricia, who had everything, went everywhere.

"I NEVER carried insurance, Gracie," he said harshly to his wife, "or I've got a prescription in my desk drawer downstairs that'd help. My God," he added in an undertone, "I'd end it fast enough, but that'd only plunge you two girls into trouble."

"I know this," Mrs. Baker began, in a tone that rapidly approached the singsong. "I know that I've spent the last ten years of my life trying to make Tanya a success—I've not done one thing I wanted to do! I've taken snubs from women I despised and run after men who laughed at me; I've given dances and worked out favors. No one can say I've not tried! And now this! Tanya's riding horse—all the horses—are sold, and the two big cars and the truck. Every servant in the house left this afternoon except Inga, and she can't cook! She's down there now trying to get dinner in the chafing dish with three candles off the dinner table!" She stopped short, groping for a handkerchief.

"But, mother," Tanya said, "we've got to manage a dinner here somehow tomorrow night. Warren McBride is coming. He's that stunning Princeton man, dad—his father's the big tire man in Detroit. He—he—I mean—I mean—we've got to make this one more effort—it may decide my happiness for all my life," Tanya stammered, bursting into tears. "We can—couldn't you borrow money from Mr. Wakefield, dad? Or from Mr. Kostermann?"

Mrs. Baker, who had been weeping, spoke thickly:

"Dad says he's stretched his credit everywhere he can."

"Yes; but we—we—" Tanya was fighting her tears and spoke incoherently. "We were almost the richest people on the Peninsula!" she stammered. "We didn't have other things, because of dad's father being in the laundry business, but we *did* have money! Where's it all gone to? Dad used to bet two dollars a point at bridge—"

"Ha!" her father ejaculated, with a bitter laugh.

"We thought we'd go to the cabin at Los Antonios for a while, Tanya," Mrs. Baker said.

"Los Antonios! But that's only a—a shanty in a perfectly dead little— It isn't even a town! It has one store. How could we live there? I mean I'd rather die! I mean I'd rather go stay with Rosemary, or to Aunt Caroline in New York! Mother, we'd be crazy to live there—"

She broke off, searching their faces.

"We can't be as poor as *that!*" she said in a whisper. "I can't—I can't go away now. It'd end everything that matters to me. I'll fix it up somehow tomorrow with one of the girls; but I can't—I'll not go to Los Antonios!"

"You do anything that makes you happy, baby," her father said, after a pause. "As long as you're happy with your friends your mother and I'll be happy, won't we, Gracie?"

Tanya's mother did not answer. She was crying again. Tanya sat staring gloomily into the fire.

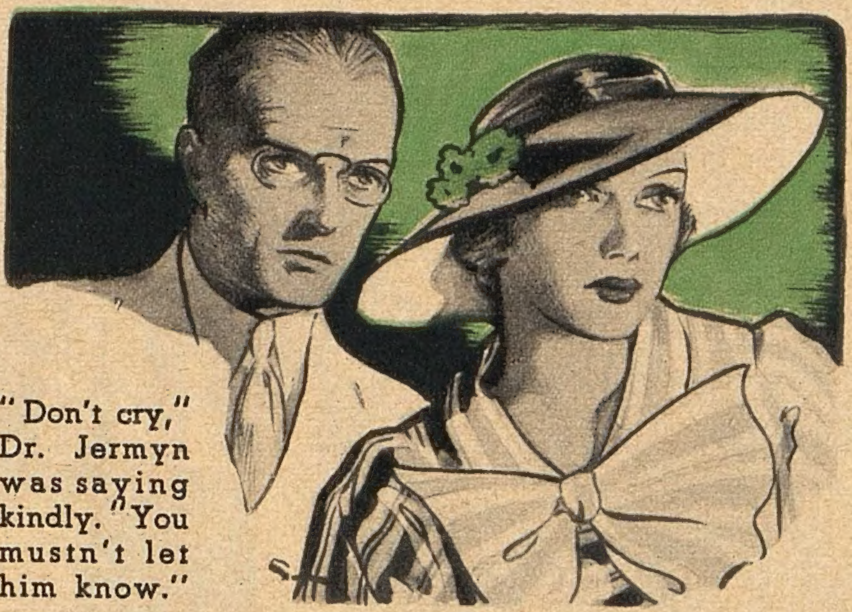
"There's just one thing I'd like to ask," she said presently, in a hard young voice: "That we don't broadcast this."

Pomeroy Baker laughed grimly. "We won't have to," he said. . . .

Rosemary said she would simply adore having Tanya with her for a week, but then they were all going down to the Cole wedding. Ann was obviously deep in wedding plans. Pat explained that she would simply adore having Tanya, but her cousins from London were expected right after the Cole party, and they were going to Honolulu.

Doris protested that she would simply adore having Tanya, but the Houstons were coming up for all March. Constance reminded Tanya that she was going with the Colliers and the Blakes in the Blakes' private car to New York for the last weeks of the opera.

Tanya had said that mother and dad were going away for a while—Dad's health was worrisome. They were going to close the house for a month or two. Maddening, right before the Easter season, but what could you do?



"Don't cry," Dr. Jermyn was saying kindly. "You mustn't let him know."

"Why, I'll tell you what you do, Tanya," Patricia had said at this point, with her maddening air of lightly and correctly solving other persons' problems. "Get hold of Mrs. Gilder-Brown. She's an adorable person—I traveled in Europe with her when I was ten, you know—and she's frightfully hard up. She'd stay with you for a hundred a month. I know she would, because she came to see mother about getting a place the other day. And you'd have great fun—could give parties and all that. And I mean Mrs. Gilder-Brown's really an aristocrat; she's a thoroughbred. She wouldn't go to the Martinets, you know, because of his having been in the restaurant business."

Tanya, whose grandfather had established a small laundry in the westernest city, had laughed composedly.

"Pat, I can't go back to governesses now. Daddy wants me to go East to Aunt Caroline—my twin cousins are running the Junior League this winter—but I hate to leave the gang!"

"As far as Mrs. Gilder-Brown goes, she isn't in any sense a *servant,*" Patricia had said proudly. "I mean her background goes right back to Lord Baltimore—"

There had been more of it. Tanya had hardly heard it. She had had but one moment's satisfaction in the morning's conversation. It had been when Patricia had asked her to come over to have dinner and play bridge. Then Tanya had been able to say carelessly that Warren had asked her to come into town and dine and dance at the Palace.

"He was coming to our house. But daddy not being very well, I telephoned and we changed it."

It was a pretty poor satisfaction, though, set as it was against the unbearable gloom at home. Tanya dressed herself smartly and packed an overnight bag for a stay with friends at the Fairmont, but she had small heart in it.

Just before she left for town a telegram arrived. It was signed "Lovingly Aunt Caroline." It said:

TANYA DEAR PUT OFF VISIT UNTIL NEXT WINTER LIKE A DARLING AS TWO GIRLS ARE QUITE ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME MAD WE LEAVE FOR LONDON IN APRIL

SO that was that. And over the dinner table an hour or two later the effect of the dreary day was heightened rather than lessened by the music, the soft lights, the delicious food, and the sight of Warren McBride opposite her.

For Warren wasn't satisfactory tonight. He was vague, evasive. He was going to try to be in London in May, when Patricia would be there. Sure, he thought Patricia was swell. She was a swell girl, but any man she married couldn't help thinking of those Ashburton millions. Of course a man would love her for herself; she was a swell looker, and she was smart too. But a girl as rich as "some of you girls"—gosh, it wasn't such a pipe!

"Perhaps you'll fall for her, Warren, when you're both in London."

"Ix-nay," he said cheerfully. "I'm not going to marry any one. I'm going around the world."

His fine groomed hand paid for the meal from a handsome wallet filled with twenties. He was at his stunning best in his evening dress. His talk was of Europe, Washington, of motor cars and yachts, of men at college whose parents were presidents of great firms, bank presidents, Presidents of the United States. He had had a talk with Penrhyn, the most influential bank man in the state, that afternoon.

"I was in the bank—I had to see about my account—and I met him."

"You weren't closing your account?"

"Yep."

"Going so soon?"

"Tomorrow, I guess," Warren had said, with a grin. And that one word had fallen upon Tanya's heart like a stone, and ended all the happiness for that night. . . .

HORRIBLE days followed—days so dreary that Tanya, in constant tears of despair, found herself not only muttering threats of suicide to her equally tearful mother, but actually contemplating some such escape from poverty, change, humiliation, helplessness. Warren had departed without good-bys for his joyous last college term; the girls were scattering for the end of the season; life had gone gray.

Pomeroy Baker endured it all in apathetic silence. He sat in at bank conferences. He directed the appraisers who came down to Belhavre. There was an interval of unspeakable dreariness when Tanya and her father and mother moved to cheap clean rooms in the Martha Washington Arms, in the village.

The smart little roadsters of Tanya's friends still flashed to and fro in the green lanes between the club and the big garden-encircled homes; quiet little Lenten dances went on at the Mark Hopkins and in the Court and at the Frantic; there was the usual coming and going. But if any one missed Tanya or wondered where she was, she had no sign of it.

She was going to New York when mother and dad went to Los Antonios. Aunt Caroline had in a second telegram offered her two weeks of hospitality "before the giddy goats and I sail."

In that time Tanya would get a job. Dad had been able to manage the ticket, and there would be a little money over for emergencies, and then Aunt Caroline might—

Tanya brooded upon her troubles constantly; was deep in somber thought of them on a certain morning—the very last morning—when the telephone rang. Her mother had gone for a last look at Belhavre; her father had departed to find an expressman in the village who would move the last poor effects of the Bakers to their new home in Los Antonios. Tanya was alone.

It was, puzzlingly enough, some Dr. Jermyn's office; Dr. Jermyn's nice-voiced capable nurse speaking. This was absolutely confidential, please. Could Dr. Jermyn see Miss Baker or Mrs. Baker sometime that day? It was really important.

Somewhat dazedly Tanya said yes, she could come in this afternoon; she was on her way to town now. She had never seen the big heart specialist. Oddly enough, she remembered now that her father had spoken of him at breakfast. "I happened to see Jermyn the other day," dad had said.

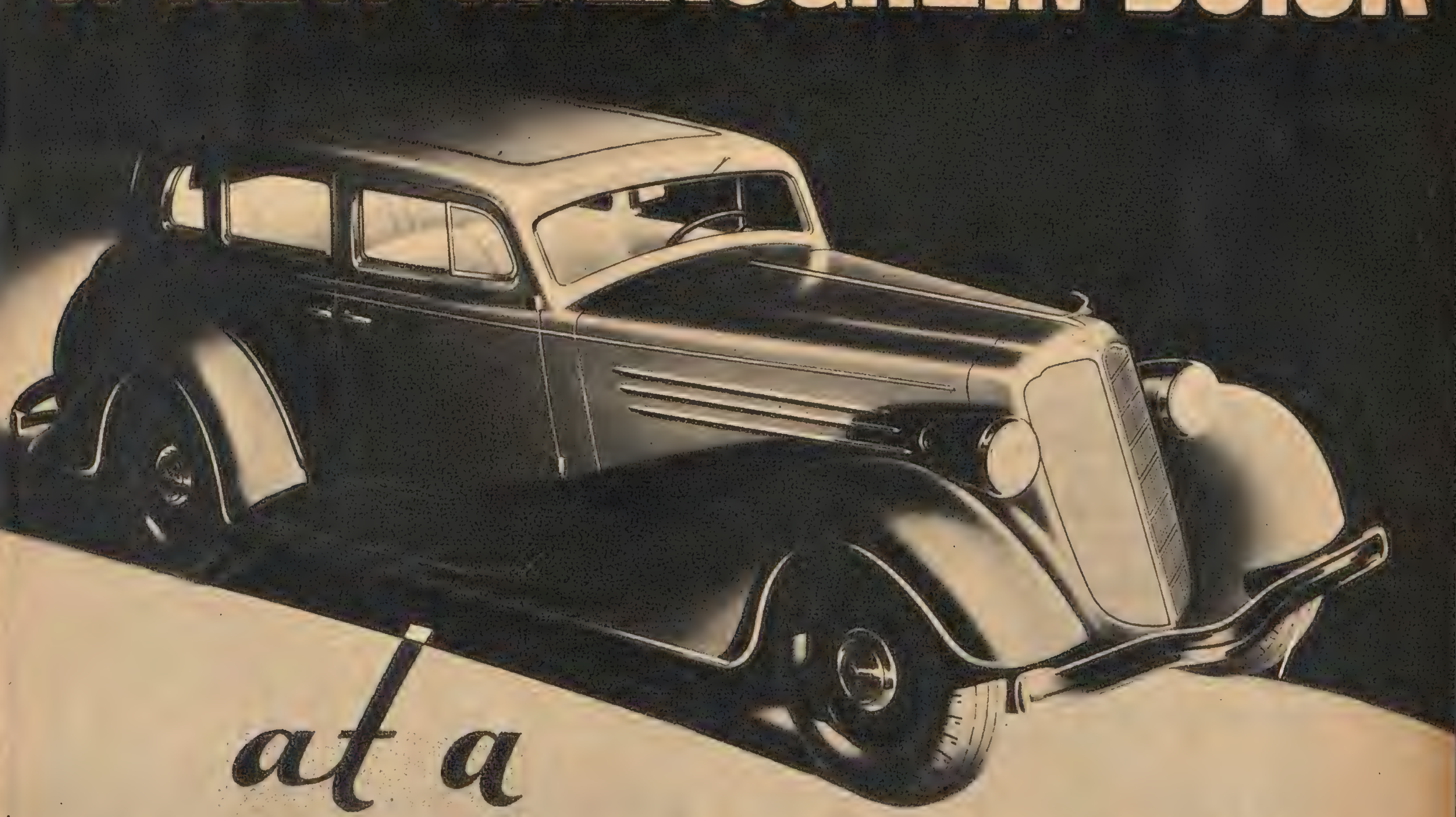
Musing on this, Tanya felt a first prick of fear in her heart. Nothing could be the matter with *dad*—nothing ever was the matter with dad!

She wished suddenly, with a wrenching regret in her heart, that she had been a little decenter about the whole thing. She was leaving him tonight—

"Don't cry," Dr. Jermyn was saying to her kindly, after the first thunderbolt. "You mustn't let him know, for a while anyway.

(Continued on page twelve)

A NEW McLAUGHLIN-BUICK



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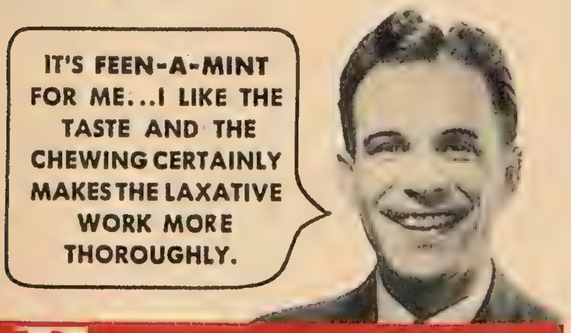
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Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

(Continued from page ten)

Just keep him as cheerful as you can—"

"But I'm supposed to be going East tonight," Tanya said, her cheeks shining with tears, her breath rising and falling stormily. "And now—now, if I go, I'll not see him again!"

"He's had two bad attacks. It's remarkable that he could have had even one of that severity and survived. He's suspicious himself that it's serious, but his one fear was for your mother and you."

The kindly professional voice went on. Tanya sat staring into space.

"You give him only weeks, doctor?"

"Only until the next strain. It might be tomorrow; it might not be for three months. It depends on his feelings—his reactions—"

"It'll kill my mother," Tanya said somberly. "She adores him. They were poor when they were married—she was a Tennessee Kilmartin, but she had no money and he only had a job. It'll kill her!"

"I know," the doctor said; and there was a silence.

After a minute Tanya looked up, and blew her nose and wiped her eyes, and beautified herself with a few quick adept touches. "May I use your telephone?" she said. He was watching her, his fine old face filled with compassion, when she got the transportation desk of a big railway office. He heard her say, "I'm canceling a ticket—" before he got up and quietly moved to the adjoining office.

"She'll do," the doctor said to his nurse when he got there. "She'll have the whole family on her hands, poor child. He's got perhaps a month to go, and she says they're bankrupt."

"Oh, I didn't know that," the nurse said, shocked.

And she gave Tanya a sympathetic smile when Tanya came out. But Tanya, her eyes determined, her chin up, her mouth firm, did not see her.

THE three Bakers sat before a driftwood fire and talked sleepily. Outside the little brown cabin the sea surged on the rocks, and a warm spring wind cried and was still and cried again. Supper was over and the blue plates washed and put away; the clock's hands stood at ten minutes past nine.

"Lord, how I sleep here at Los Antonios!" Mr. Baker said, with a great happy yawn.

"To see you asleep at ten o'clock, Pomeroy," his wife said, "and up at six, is just—well, it's funny!"

"You know you don't have to get up, dad, and start that fire in the kitchen," Tanya said sleepily.

"I know I don't, but I like to do it. I tell you, that sunrise over these hills—"

Pomeroy Baker fell silent.

"You like your cook," Tanya said. And there was a new note in her voice too.

"Your mother used to be a famous cook in the days I courted her. She and Caroline were both good cooks," the man said.

"I declare I hate to say it, Pom," Mrs. Baker began. "But I do feel awfully well here, and I'm having real fun with that stove. I didn't use the electric plate once today; it was extravagant for Tanya to get it."

"I had my ticket money, mother."

"Well, it was a sweet thing for you to have thought of, anyway. I'll never," Mrs. Baker said reminiscently—"I'll never get over the surprise of that afternoon! Dad and I arriving here cold and tired, and heartbroken too, for we thought you were on your way East, and finding the fires lighted and supper started and beds made up—"

"Mrs. Kenyon did most of it. She came over from the store. All I did was put things away."

"Well, I don't know when I've felt so—so peaceful," Mrs. Baker pursued. "That's what I felt—*peaceful*."

"I WANT you both to know that I've never been so happy in my life," Pomeroy Baker said suddenly, in the silence. "No man alive deserves to be as happy as I am. I'll pay both of you back some day. I've waited all my life for a chance to read Shakespeare, and I began yesterday."

"You don't have to talk about paying us back," Tanya said a little thickly. She and he were alone now, for Mrs. Baker had gone out to the little kitchen for one of her happy sessions with "salt-rising" bread.

"But I'm not done yet, Tansy," the man said. "I'm only fifty-one. I was talking to Bush on the telephone today. They think they may reorganize, and if they do they want me!"

"You're going to take a good rest, old man," Tanya said. "None of that reorganization talk—not for a year."

"Baby," her father said, pleasantly engaged in holding the slim brown youngness and straightness of her steady in his lap, pleasantly aware of her smooth cheek against his own and the fragrance of her tumbled hair against his brow, "this is the way a man was meant to live—walking to the store, digging in his garden, sitting on his porch to look at the sea. I don't care if we live here the rest of our days!"

Quite suddenly, unexpectedly to herself, the girl spoke:

"Dad, I talked to Jermyn and he told me. I didn't know it was as bad as that. They telephoned and I went in to see him."

"Tell your mother?" Pomeroy Baker asked quickly.

"No. And I won't."

"I wouldn't. It might only break her up again. Tansy," the man said, "that's one reason you've been so good to the old man, is it?"

"Part of it. And partly that I—I found the old man," Tanya said, frowning a little, speaking guardedly to keep back the dryness of her throat, the prick of her eyes. "And partly," she added very low, "that I found Tanya Baker. Dad," she ended,

(Continued on page fourteen)

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B.V.D.'s Special "Hot Weather" Values — *May 25th to June 23rd*

(Continued from page twelve)

“I'm—I'm so sorry!”

“It had to come sometime, darling. And just our settling here, seeing your mother so happy, has made it all right. It's amazing how the human heart adjusts itself. I loved my golf. But it's easy enough to let it all go when you have to. It's all in the game, Tansy.”

She lay in his arms, resting her cheek against his, unable to speak.

“When little Jack was killed I grieved my heart out for my boy,” the man presently said. “I want you to know that in these last ten days I wouldn't have changed ten sons for my daughter!”

Both were back in their chairs, and Mrs. Baker had gone with sleepy good nights to her room, when suddenly Tanya's father put his hand into his coat pocket and looked up with a stricken expression.

“Tanya, here's a letter I've had for you for three days!” he said. “My gosh, I am sorry I forgot it. It was forwarded from the hotel.”

“Warren!” Tanya's heart sang. But the engraved address in the corner of the envelope undeceived her. When Mrs. Baker was out of hearing she said, “It's from Dr. Jermyn.”

She read it, muttered an amazed ejaculation, read it again.

“Well, of all the old liars you positively are the worst!” she said then. “You—you—What'd you go to see Dr. Jermyn about two weeks ago, anyway?”

“My membership in the golf club,” her father responded promptly. “We were just talking about it.”

“And haven't you got a bad heart trouble?”

“Why, no, Tanya; not that I know of. I sold him my membership—that's where the money for insurance and your trip came from,” the man began bewilderedly.

“Listen to this; it's from his nurse,” Tanya said, and read aloud:

“My dear Miss Baker:

“Doctor Jermyn and I are distressed beyond words that you should have gotten by mistake a message intended for Mrs. Robert A. Baker, who is also staying at the Martha Washington Arms.

“Mr. Baker, who is quite old, had consulted Dr. Jermyn on the same day that your father came in to discuss a quite different matter, and by an inexcusable oversight—”

Tanya read no more.

“Trying to arouse sympathy on false pretenses—bringing me down here to the last jumping-off place, where the only man I'll see is the laundry boy! Is that it?” she demanded. “What a Machiavellian old man *you* turned out to be!”

“What did you think I was talking about?” her father was demanding pathetically, when Mrs. Baker called from the bedroom:

“Tanya, that may be the laundryman knocking! Didn't you say he was coming round tonight?”

“Speak of the devil,” said Tanya.

She went to the kitchen door, opened it. She and the laundry boy stood looking at each other, with the black night behind his young face and the kitchen lamp aureoling Tanya's fair hair.

“What's the big idea?” the girl said after a while.

“*I* ask *you*,” said the laundry boy. “Fun's fun, but not at the expense of a true friend.”

There was a silence. Then the man asked:

“What, if I may be so bold, are you doing down here?”

“I am the daughter of an ex-financier,” Tanya said. “The family fortune is lost, and this house and fifteen hundred a year are what remain.”

“You lie,” said the laundry boy thoughtfully.

“May I ask in turn what you are doing with a laundry cart?”

“You may. My father went bankrupt three months ago. He sent me out here, with a modest bank account, to find a job. The firm to whom the letter was written had also failed. I got this job, as a substitute, made good, was laid off five weeks ago, and taken on last week as a steady thing on a salary of thirty per.”

“Thirty dollars a year, I gather?”

“Thirty dollars a week—and damn' good too.”

“And the talk with Penrhyn at the bank the day you took me to dinner? And all those twenties?”

“All I had in the world, darling. I'd taken this job, and I had to pay a week's board in advance.”

“Ah, why didn't you tell me!” Tanya exclaimed.

“Why didn't *you* tell *me?*”

“Well, we were ruined, and I thought you were rich. I didn't want you to pity me. I knew I had to give it all up, and that I'd never see you again.”

“Same here,” he said. “I knew I could go to your father, or go to old Ashburton—”

“You could have asked Patricia to marry you,” Tanya said. “That would have been a way out.”

“I didn't dare ask the girl I loved to marry me,” the man agreed.

“That's what I said.”

“That wasn't what you said.”

“Didn't I say that you could have asked Patricia to marry you, and that she has piles of money?”

“And didn't I say that I didn't dare ask the girl I loved to marry me?”

“Oh-h-h?” Tanya said softly.

“Get it now, darling?” the laundry boy said. . . .

“Modern girls amaze me. Of course it's all fun,” Mrs. Baker said in the bedroom. “But when I leaned out the window then, I heard Tanya talking to that fellow—a laundry boy! And if he wasn't calling her darling he was certainly calling her something awfully like it.”

“You can trust Tansy,” her father said. “She won't marry a laundry boy or any one else until she feels like it. Even if she does—didn't you?”

THE END

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This is the second of a series of short stories by Mrs. Norris. Others will appear at intervals of about a month during the remainder of the year.

INEXPERIENCE

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fourteenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

THE inexperienced driver is a real menace. Unfortunately in most states no licenses are required, so that anybody can drive an auto just as long as he has the car and the urge to go.

In license-law states, however, the man who would drive must undergo a rigid test as to qualifications, both mental and physical. He must be thoroughly competent; otherwise he is not permitted to take the wheel.

The father who loans his car to an inexperienced son or daughter is partly to blame if an accident occurs.

Remember there are 23,000,000 automobiles in this country today. City traffic is congested. Experience, first of all, is needed if one is to drive safely—practical driving experience gained away from heavily traveled sections.

Mercantile companies employing drivers have learned that thorough training of their men pays big dividends through lowered accident costs.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

Educating a Queen

Astrid and Leopold as bride and groom.

How Astrid of Belgium Was Trained for Her Royal Job

by

KATHERINE GLOVER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HAPPENED to be in the royal palace in Brussels in the early morning of October 11, 1927, when the first child of King Leopold and Queen Astrid, then Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Belgium, was born. I had never before realized what this waiting for an heir to the throne means in a kingdom. Every ear had been cocked waiting for the news. Scarcely had it reached me, inside the palace, when the cannon outside began booming. At twenty-one guns they stopped. A daughter. Had it been a son and heir there would have been one hundred and one guns.

This was the only disappointment Queen Astrid has ever caused the people of her adopted land; and it was momentary. "The next time," the people said, "it will surely be a boy." And the next time it was—the little Prince Baudouin, now nearly four years old. But in the meantime the Belgian people learned to love the little Princess Josephine Charlotte.

The year after my visit to Belgium I went to Sweden, the homeland of Astrid.

Independence and a spirit of democracy are bred into the very bone of the royal family of Sweden. Princes of the royal house have frequently thumbed their noses at their royal prerogatives, willingly resigning them to marry whom they pleased. When Astrid emerged upon the scene as a royal débutante she was hailed as the most beautiful princess of Europe. As such, she was looked upon as the rightful bride of the most famous prince, Edward of Wales. Frequently visiting England, she seemed to claim his interest. She was a girl after his heart, loving sports, a good dancer, excelling at skiing, skating, able to sail a boat, and endowed with great personal charm as well as beauty.

But while Europe romanced about Astrid and Wales, the young Crown Prince of Belgium, the Duke of Brabant, came to Stockholm with his mother. Under assumed names they stayed at Stockholm's Grand Hotel. They went about the city unobserved and paid repeated calls at the modest apartment of Prince Carl and Princess Ingeborg.

In the spring following, the young Princess went with her mother to Paris. Casually, on their way back, they stopped off on a visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians. And the next time Astrid went to England, Leopold stole across the Channel and paid court unobserved. When, the following summer, he paid a long visit to the Princess's parents at their country home at Fridhem, in Ostergötland, no one was aware that a new royal alliance was in the making.

I was interested to see the simple apartment where Prince Carl and his family lived. And to learn that the Prince, Astrid's father, had resigned his commission as general in the Swedish army and, following his own dictates, become active head of the Swedish Red Cross. Later he was made honorary president of the International Red Cross of Geneva. He goes daily to his office and works as hard as the humblest member of his staff.

Astrid was brought up in the midst of a happy natural family life. Her mother is an extremely talented needlewoman, and under her tutelage Astrid and her sisters were trained in sewing and embroidery. Astrid's training in other housewifely arts really started in a playhouse at Fridhem, the family's summer home. There she and her two older sisters cooked many a meal to which were invited playmates from the neighboring estates.

When Astrid finished her schooling, which included, of course, special emphasis upon languages, she attended a well known housewives' school in Stockholm, Mrs. Jennie Akerstrom's School. I visited it and saw the thoroughness of the training in cooking, home-making, and the care of babies which the Princess and her sister Princess Marthe received. On the walls of the school were pictures of the two princesses in their uniforms taken while in training, together with those of other girls of well known Stockholm families. At the end of the course they received certificates of graduation. And when one passes the test as a home-maker in Sweden it means one is a truly skilled one.

After being graduated the Princess enrolled as a novice at the Stockholm Orphanage, where she had actual experience of the care of babies, preparing layettes, scrubbing, washing, sweeping, making beds, preparing food according to formula.

It was to this training that Queen Elizabeth, her mother-in-law, referred when she spoke to me with warm admiration of Astrid's education.

THERE had been some uncertainty in Sweden about the adjustment of two such independent spirits as Queen Elizabeth and Astrid. It was agreed at the time of her marriage that Astrid, a Protestant, would retain her religion. But after the birth of her first child she voluntarily entered the Roman Catholic Church, taking the faith of her husband. Whatever differences of opinion there may have been at the outset seem to have been reconciled.

As Crown Princess, Astrid put her housewifely training into very practical use. She supervised the cooking, mending, and housekeeping of the Crown Prince's ménage, which was in one wing of the Royal Palace in Brussels. Her husband's salary as heir to the throne was only $17,450, a meager sum for one with so much to live up to. It took careful management and frugality.

The devotion of the Belgian people to the new King and his Queen is very real. They are a frank people. The Queen's part would seem to be to hold their hearts while the King rules their political and social destinies. At present she is perhaps the greater favorite. Hers may be an increasingly important part to play. It is a critical time for any new king to ascend a throne.

THE END

Why Does the United States Like to be Insulted by Visiting Celebrities?

A Glimpse of Some Americans as Others See Them

by JOHN STRACHEY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

AMERICA is today the strongest nation on earth—and the weakest. She is the strongest in physical wealth and power; the weakest in self-confidence and self-assurance. To most Europeans the second half of this statement will seem fantastically untrue. We are accustomed to think of Americans as being self-assured and self-confident to the point of boastfulness. And so they sometimes are. But it is only the European who has never crossed the Atlantic who fails to see that this very propensity for "talking big" covers up a deep and painful lack of self-assurance and self-esteem on the part of most Americans.

The European in America is constantly struck by this fact. For he is shown a deference, is granted an authority, is listened to, is quoted, is imitated to an extent which privately astonishes him. The American critic Mr. H. L. Mencken has dilated on this theme in that great essay of his, On Being an American, with a ferocity which I would not dare to imitate. He showed that it was at least twice as difficult to succeed in America as a writer, a singer, an actor, a composer, a lecturer, or what you will, if you had the misfortune to be American born.

Naturally we European writers, singers, actors, composers, poets, and lecturers are not complaining. It all suits us admirably. Take my own case. I have just completed a lecture tour in the United States. At the beginning of it I was seriously advised that the best thing I could do for the success of the tour was to insult my audience to the maximum possible extent! Dozens of English lecturers, I was informed, had done so, and had "got away with it." Needless to say, that is advice which I would never dream of taking. I do not believe that today American audiences are willing to put up with the insufferable insolence to which some English lecturers have treated them.

JOHN STRACHEY

is the most brilliant of England's younger intellectual radicals. His book, The Coming Struggle for Power, gained worldwide attention. He is 32, the son of the late J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the Spectator. He has been a Labor member of Parliament, but is now further to the radical Left.

But I have had to startle and disturb many of my audiences. For I happen to hold radical political views, views which were unquestionably unfamiliar, and for the most part unwelcome, to at least ninety per cent of them.

I was everywhere received, however, with extraordinarily sympathetic attention. I am the last man in the world to blame American audiences for listening thus to political views with which they do not agree. They are very, very wise to do so. I was repeatedly informed, however, that one of the main reasons for the extremely sympathetic way in which I was received was that I was an Englishman; that no American radical would have been permitted to say the things I said! Now, if there is any truth whatever in this, it is all wrong and is a painful example of what I can only call the American "inferiority complex." For there are many American radical thinkers just as well (and better) able to put up the case against the capitalist system as I.

I protest against this American lack of self-confidence. It is today totally unjustified. In my own field of authorship, for example, any American sense of inferiority is absurd. I agree with the remark that I heard the great French writer Henri Barbusse make the other day, namely that the new school of young American writers—Hemingway, Caldwell, Edmund Wilson, Michael Gold, Faulkner—represent far and away the most vital literary group now at work in the world.

When we come to the political field, any sense of inferiority is still more grotesque. My impression is that Americans are feeling poor, "sore" at the depression, far less rich and strong than they did in, say, 1929. They forget that if they are not so strong as they were in 1929, neither are the other nations. As a matter of fact the relative strength of the United States is today as great as, or greater than, at any previous time in history.

For example, she has greater industrial productive capacity, greater technical skill, and as great man power as any other nation. Moreover she is much the most difficult nation in the world to attack. It would be, perhaps, an exaggeration to say that it would be impossible, if she ever lost command of the sea, to invade her. But certainly, either from the Pacific or from the Atlantic, it would be incomparably difficult. And the other nations of the American continent, both to the north and to the south, are not strong enough even to dream of the possibility of aggression.

Thus both from her almost impregnable defensive position, and from her potentially unrivaled power of attack, America is today, and is recognized by the rest of the world to be, the strongest national unit in existence. But this is not recognized by the American people.

Now I would be most unwilling to try to stimulate the nationalism of the American or any other people. But I think that this very lack of a realization on their part of their power in the world is a danger, not an asset, to world peace. It is the old story of the most dangerous man being the one who does not know his own strength. Or it is an example of the truth that the man with an inferiority complex, as they call it, often tries desperately to assuage his gnawing sense of inadequacy by trying to impose his will upon the world by any method and at all hazards.

Hence it is high time that America realized the full extent of her own power. She is about to be flung into the most intensive participation in world affairs. The nature of the capitalist system is such that so long as she remains a capitalist country, she can only recover from the slump by an immense economic expansion. The first stage of President Roosevelt's recovery program appeared to be an attempt to avoid this. But already the American government is more and more relying on the capture of foreign export markets. This is inevitable. A modern highly developed capitalist country can no more recover without pushing out into new markets than a man can pull himself up by his own shoe laces.

It was by a great westward movement for the opening up of the still undeveloped west of the continent that American capitalism lifted itself out of the great slumps of the 1870s and 1890s. But now the frontier of intensive industrial development has reached the Pacific. There are no great new national resources left untapped.

And yet I believe it to be true that if recovery is once again possible for American capitalism, it is only possible by the old method—by pushing the frontier westward. For though the Pacific has been reached, it can be crossed. Across it lies China, and it is by undertaking the industrialization of China that American capitalism will recover, if it is to recover at all.

But the American capitalists should be under no delusion that they will be able to secure for themselves the right to develop China without a struggle. For there is another capitalist competitor very much in the field. That competitor is Japan. Japan's ruling class is now, it is only too evident, committed to the attempt to acquire, first, all China north of the Great Wall, then the whole of the rest of China, and then the whole of the Far East as an exclusive preserve for the exploitation of Japanese industry. It does not matter that Japan has nothing like the industrial strength necessary for such a task, or that she would have to fight the whole world to accomplish it. Her rulers can see nothing else before them.

First of all, however, Japan is bent on driving back Soviet Russia from the Pacific coast, and on holding off America. It is this which has lent world-wide significance to the recent recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States.

These two republics, America and the Soviet Union, threatened alike by Japan, have drawn together. The recognition of Soviet Russia both opens up the possibility of considerable American exports to Russia and constitutes the first major counterstroke of America against a Japanese threat to all possibility of American commercial expansion into the potentially vast markets of the Far East.

In a word, America is now launched on a policy of world-wide economic expansion. The only alternative would be to abolish her present economic system. I personally believe that in the end the American people will come to this second alternative; but it is probably inevitable that they should first explore the road of world-wide economic expansion—of imperialism.

IN any event it is urgently necessary that the American people should realize the tremendous rôle which they are now called upon to play in the world. I hope and believe that they will decide that the path of imperialism, with its inevitable accompaniment of a series of world wars, would lead not to an American domination of the world, but to the common ruin of all civilization.

Let us all, however, face squarely the fact of the predominant power of America in the world today.

At present, in recognizing the Soviet Union, America has laid a strong hand upon the overweening ambitions of Japan's present rulers. In so doing she has used her strength, whether this was the motive of her government or not, for the preservation of world peace. Let the American people realize, by the profound and world-wide effect of their recognition of the Soviet Union, the extent of their present power. Let them throw aside that ignorance and "inferiority complex" which prevents them facing the fact of that power. And finally, let them always use it in as good a cause as they have done this time.

THE END

The Canadian Viewpoint

by Clifton H. Carlisle

President, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada, Ltd.; president, Dominion Bank of Canada; past president, Toronto Board of Trade; well known as an educationalist and student of internal affairs.

I DISAGREE with Strachey that China affords America the only potential for commercial expansion. The greater part of Russia as well as the vast continent of Africa are open for development. And what of the United States itself? There are still remaining in that country large areas for profitable development. Basic wealth of any nation is natural wealth—lumber and mineral wealth, plus farm produce. The United States has utilized its forest and mineral wealth; but she surely has not developed agriculture to the full limit of its efficiency.

Most of the ills of our social and economic life today could be automatically cured by decentralizing industry. The population of the United States is over 120,000,000. And land available in that country can well support twice that number of people, providing industry is properly decentralized. Give a man with a family of five four acres of land and he will raise more foodstuffs than his family can possibly consume. He can get his living out of the farm and spend the balance of his time in some other occupation. Let the people utilize the land and let them work. Under any other system there is little incentive for people to become self-supporting. Since the war there has been a trend to support people without effort on the part of the individual.

Let Canada and the United States study the enviable status of Holland. This country has 675 people to the square mile. In Canada we have merely three and seven tenths people to the square mile. Yet Holland is practically free of national indebtedness, has a tax rate unbelievably low, and is absolutely free from any pauperism. Holland has developed the art of living on the land to a high standard of efficiency, whereas we have not.

The United States is showing improved conditions because it is spending money that is not earned money. It is not building basically. It must realize that it has too high a percentage of population in cities that cannot now, nor ever can, be supported without doles or pauperism.

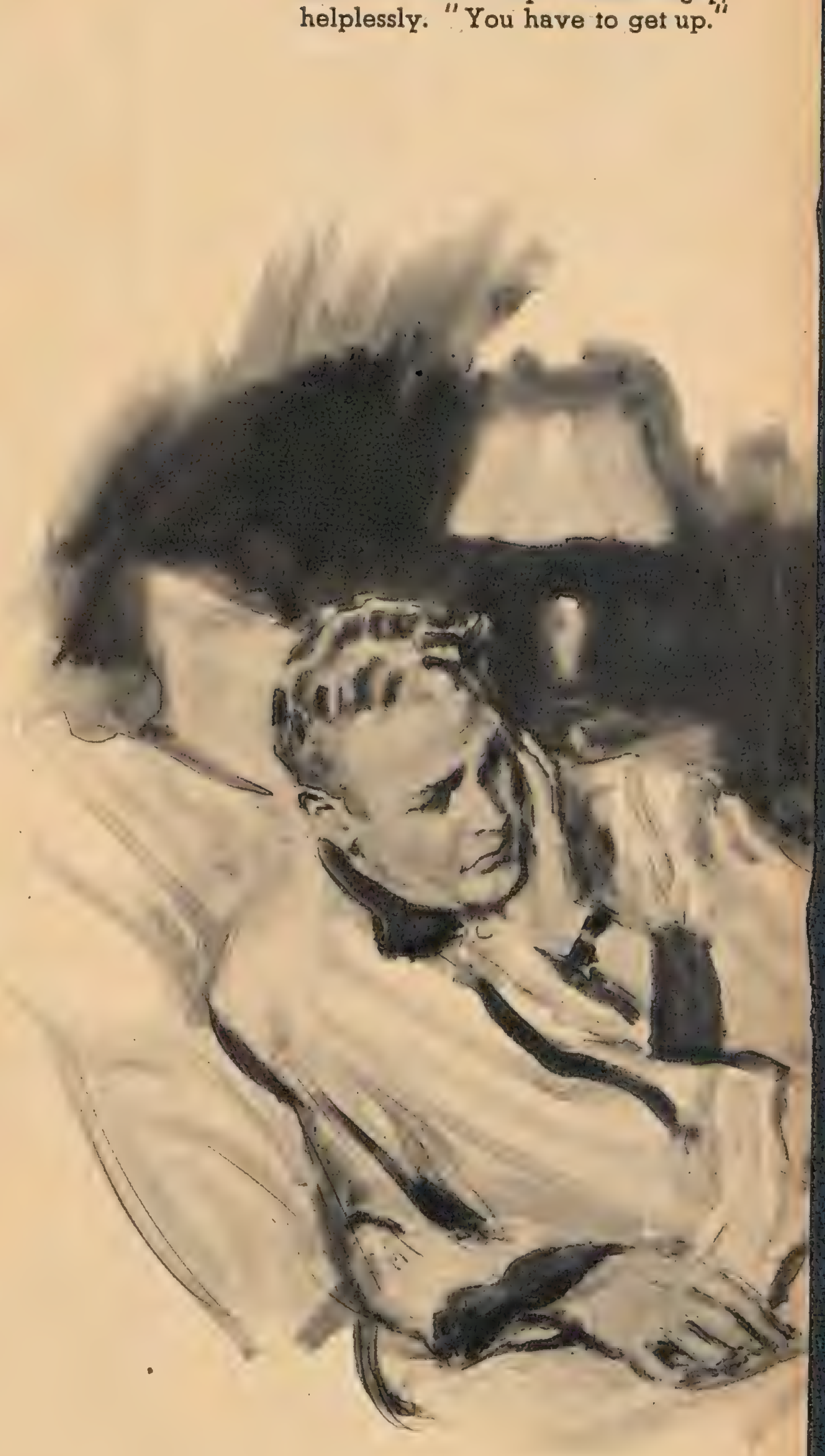
I disagree with Strachey in his attitude toward imperialism, particularly in connection with commerce. Civilization has always followed in the trail of commerce. An imperialistic commercial program ought to lead to international friendships; not involve war. America can find partial solution to her problems in agricultural development, but she must find the final solution in broadened world markets.

Bright Girl

Continuing a Vivid Novel of Today . . . The Story of a Heroine Who Was Man-Crazy

by VIÑA DELMAR

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 1 SECOND



'Mrs. Harris is dying." She saw his lids droop threateningly, helplessly. "You have to get up."

WHEN the wealthy, eccentric Clyde Bronson dies he leaves a young daughter, Kay, who is beautiful and endowed with his own whimsical brilliance. At the age of fourteen she sees behind the tinsel of life. She scorns the so-called romantic side of her flighty mother's remarriage, after the mourning period, to Leonard Walters. Romance is merely Nature's ballyhoo, she feels, to propagate the human race.

Kay seeks more important things in life than what people term love and joins with Jessie Ryland in an ambition to become a school-teacher. Dr. Garrison at the training college predicts a great career for her as an educator, but she suddenly falls desperately in love with Billy Warren, a penniless, uneducated, wise-cracking drug clerk, and marries him.

Analyzing her action, Kay realizes that she is man-crazy. She was drawn to Billy solely by his darkly handsome face and a craving to lie in his strong arms. She quits him after eleven months and goes to New York to materialize on her reawakened ambitions and old ideals. Reared in luxury, she has no experience in work and no idea of what she can do, other than that some day she will write a book. Also she learns that to get any kind of job in New York she must have references, so finally she fakes a telegraphic message of commendation from the imaginary Stuyvesant Franklyns of Akron, Ohio, and through this obtains employment as governess to four-year-old Robbie Gordon. Then she meets Mrs. Gordon's brother, David, and once again Kay realizes that she is man-crazy.

PART FOUR — KAY KISSES AND RUNS AWAY

VERY little that Kay had said to her employer or had led her to believe was true. Carefully she had avoided the truth. People won't give you a chance if you're on the level with them. So she had lied and Mrs. Gordon had welcomed her with open arms.

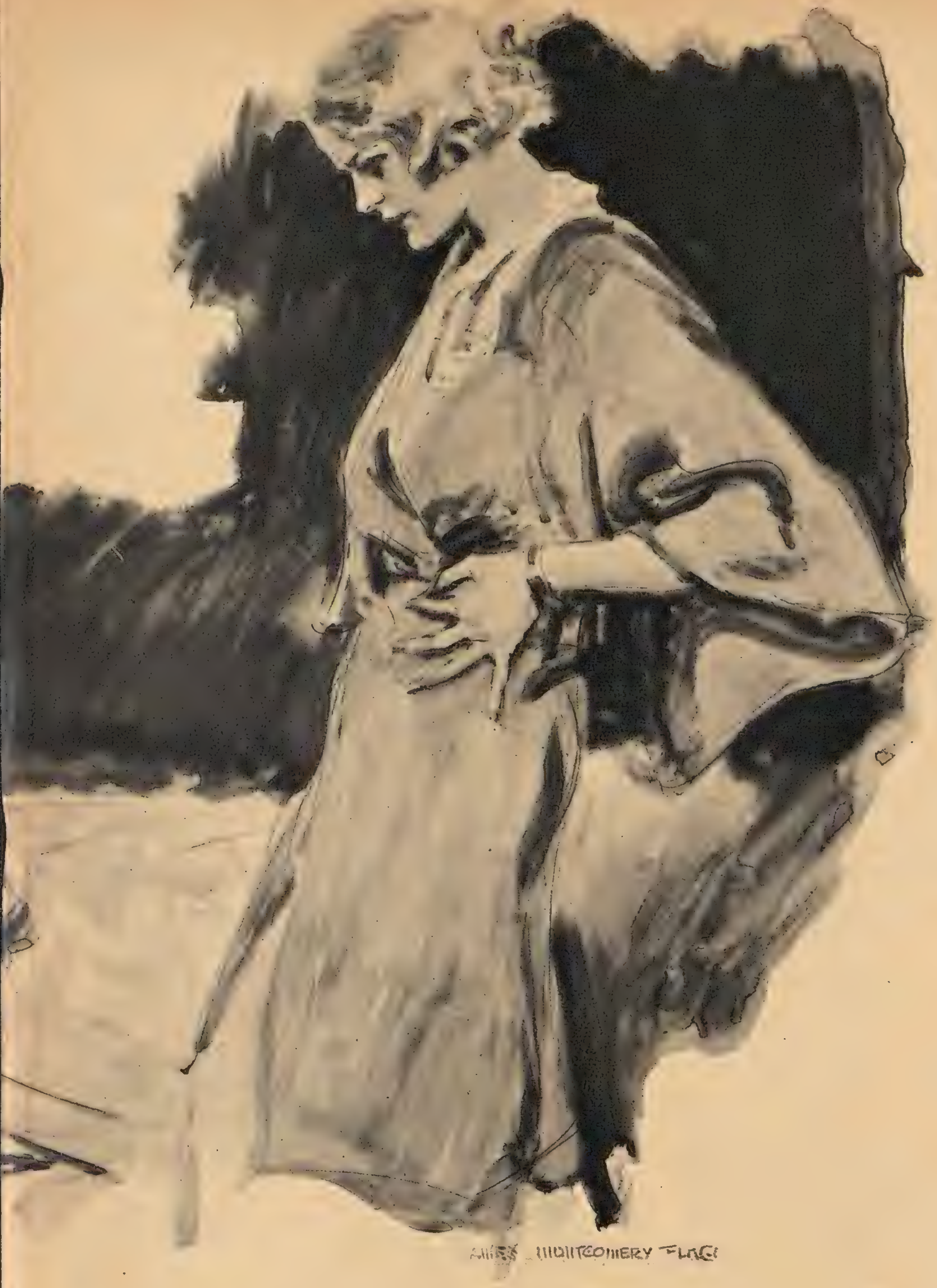
Kay's conscience troubled her not at all, for Mrs. Gordon would not have considered her had she known the facts and would have hired some one to whom Robbie was just a job instead of a new and delightful study.

Carefully Kay read her books on dietetics for children. She weighed and measured her small charge on her first day with him. She talked to him and found that he was far more imaginative and companionable than Billy. He had dreams and ambitions. He was interested in aviation, cowboys, animals, and candy. You could talk to him. After eleven months with Billy and another month of complete solitude, Robbie seemed to Kay a superb conversationalist. He had fears, too. Very real and dreadful ones. There were men with bright red eyes who came through closed doors and carried you away during the night if you had been naughty.

Kay said, "That isn't true. Nobody has red eyes. Nobody can come through a closed door. Nobody can carry you away while I'm in the very next room."

His mama had told him. Kay was stumped. Obviously you couldn't tell a child that his mother was a liar and a wicked liar to frighten a baby like that. Still, you couldn't let him go on crying in his little bed at night, fearful of every sound, trembling at every shadow.

She was putting him to bed now for the first time. His little hand was resting in hers as he spoke. He trusted her, perhaps even loved her a little already. How could she sleep that night if she left him to his terrors? The



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

job wasn't so important that you'd back up a lazy cowardly lie for it.

"No, Robbie, mama is wrong."

He shook his head and she saw that her brave disregard of the job was meaningless. She was still too new, too uncertain a fixture for Robbie to take her word above his mother's. The nursery door opened and Mrs. Gordon's brother strode into the room.

"Hello, old-timer," he greeted Robbie.

The little hand which had rested in Kay's was withdrawn now. The great gray eyes which had looked so interestedly into her face turned to the newcomer. Kay saw a sudden joyous light in them and was glad to see that it was repeated in the eyes of the child's uncle. These two loved each other.

"Well, how about the glass cigarette, old-timer? I thought you looked a bit questionable this evening."

Robbie opened his mouth and his uncle popped a thermometer into it. Kay thought to herself, "That's something I must buy so I'll know when to ask for a doctor for him." Then suddenly it occurred to her that Mrs. Gordon's brother must be a doctor. Young men didn't think of taking a temperature unless they were medical men.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked.

HE looked at her as though noticing for the first time that she was also in the room. "Yes, I'm a doctor." He said it defiantly, as though he expected an argument.

She smiled apologetically. "I didn't mean to be personal," she said. "I only wanted to know whom I should call if Robbie takes a cold or something."

"I'm always here," he said. "And always interested in Robbie. I'll know before you do if anything's wrong with him."

"Oh, that's very reassuring, doctor. I wonder, since you are so interested, if I may have a moment alone with you."

"Certainly."

He took the thermometer from between Robbie's lips and glanced at it. "Normal," he said to Kay's inquiring eyes. "Now, what is it?"

He followed her through the bathroom into her bedroom. It never occurred to her that perhaps it wouldn't appear quite nice to take him in there. She only knew that Mrs. Gordon must not overhear what she intended to say.

"Doctor, Mrs. Gordon has been frightening Robbie with tales of horrible red-eyed men coming through his closed door and carrying him away. It's cruel and harmful."

"Certainly it is. Tell him she's crazy."

"She's his mother and my employer."

"She's still crazy."

Kay became impatient. "I can't tell him that. You can, if you want to. I thought perhaps you could offer some advice which would soothe him, preserve his mother's prestige, and save me from her wrath all at the same time."

"I'll fix it."

He walked back through the bathroom to the child's bed.

"What's this I hear about red-eyed men?" he demanded of the child. "Your mother's crazy."

"She's not."

"Did I ever lie to you? Wasn't I the one who told you how bad you'd feel after your tonsils came out? Everybody said you'd feel grand, but I said no. Don't you remember? I said that for a few days you'd feel terrible. And it was true, wasn't it? I told you it would hurt when I sewed up your knee after you fell off the merry-go-round last summer, didn't I? I always tell you anything nasty that's true. I'd love to tell you about red-eyed men carrying you away, but I can't because there aren't any red-eyed men."

"Not one?"

"Not one. I tell you your mother's crazy. Sweet but crazy. You never want to believe women anyhow, except Miss Bronson. She's all right because she'll tell you things that I say are true. Do you understand?"

Robbie nodded.

"All right, then. Now go to sleep."

The doctor left the nursery to Kay. She opened the windows and darkened the tiny Zeppelins for the night.

"Good night, Robbie."

"G'night."

She went to her own room then. She sat down at the desk and carefully recorded everything that she had given Robbie to eat that day. If he broke out in a rash or had an upset stomach at any time, it would be interesting to look back on the menus for comparison and clues. She also jotted down the fact that his temperature had been taken.

"It's interesting," she said to herself. "Children are quite a study. Maybe I'll become an authority on children some day, who knows?"

There was a knock at her door. She opened it and found Mrs. Gordon standing there.

"Please come in." Kay stood aside for her employer to enter.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Bronson, about that story I told Robbie. The red-eyed men, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"My brother says you were angry about it."

"Angry? No, Mrs. Gordon, it isn't my place to be angry at anything you've told Robbie. I merely disapprove of forcing obedience by the threatening method. It seems heartless to me and—and inefficient."

NOW was the great test. Mrs. Gordon would either be furious or else she'd be impressed by a governess too conscientious and modern to accept outmoded methods even from her employer.

Mrs. Gordon was impressed. "I was in a tough spot when I told Robbie about the red-eyed men. He had been so bad and I had a splitting headache. I guess I didn't half realize what I was saying. I won't do it again."

"Thank you," said Kay.

Mrs. Gordon glanced from the desk where stood the open ink bottle and the page upon which Kay had been writing to the open trunks that waited to be unpacked. "I'll go. Good night, Miss Bronson."

"Good night, Mrs. Gordon. Oh, Mrs. Gordon."

"Yes?"

"What is your brother's name?"

"Carson."

"Thank you. It was a little awkward not knowing."

"Yes, it's Carson. Dr. David Carson. He's very clever."

"Oh, thank you very much. Good night, Mrs. Gordon."

Mrs. Gordon went out. Kay stood for a second lost in thought. The job was cinched. Mrs. Gordon was in awe of her and the cool, competent methods that had been used in rearing Stuyvesant Franklyn the Third. Had the doctor accepted the Franklyns, or did he just know good common sense when he heard it?

He certainly had carried back her complaint about the red-eyed men quickly enough. He was going to be a help with Robbie. She wondered if he was a successful doctor. He was so young that he couldn't have reached very great heights so far. He was handsome, too—well, maybe not handsome, but almost.

Swiftly she ran to her trunks and began to unpack.

KAY didn't let Mama and Leonard know that she was a governess. They wouldn't have understood. Mama would split the air with her lamentations and Leonard would look smug and satisfied and his expression would say, "I always knew there was nothing spectacular about that girl." They wouldn't see that it was an interesting and practical way of filling in the time till she finished and published her novel. The knowledge that she was with Robbie from choice made him a gay adventure. If the Gordons at any moment became impossible to bear, then one could always say, "That's that," and drop the whole idea. After all, if worst came to very, very worst, there was always Mama. One wouldn't starve or suffer.

The danger of the Gordons becoming impossible to put up with was pretty slight. Mr. Gordon was a tall lean man with horn-rimmed glasses. He talked of nothing but Robbie and money. Over the telephone he shouted to Heaven knows who that he wanted fifty thousand for this and not less than a hundred thousand for that. Apparently he never got what he wanted, for he had to borrow five dollars from Dr. Carson when Kay said that Robbie had to have new shoes. He was kindly and humorous, but his type was new to Kay. Never before had she met a man who rode in taxis when his rent was overdue and brought sheaves of gardenias to a wife who hadn't the price of a new girdle.

Kay had a suspicion that she was going to be paid but rarely in the Gordon household. From remarks Martha dropped, she gathered that pay day was an uncertain institution, depending less on dates and promises than on catching Mr. Gordon when he happened to have a dollar in cash.

Martha also reported that the market men were beginning to grow restive.

"Does Dr. Carson approve of this slipshod method of living?" Kay asked.

"It ain't his business. He gives them a hundred dollars a month for his upkeep here. He can't help what they do or don't do with it."

Mrs. Gordon was a pleasant employer. She gave no orders, made no suggestions, and accepted every idea and plan which Kay presented. That was the Franklyns again.

Dr. Carson was amiably matter-of-fact. He spoke to Kay when he had something to tell her concerning Robbie. Otherwise he passed her by with a polite and distant greeting.

Only once did Kay catch him off guard. That was the night that she was awakened at three A. M. by the ringing of the telephone. It rang and it rang. At length she decided that everybody was out, so falling sleepily into her kimono and slippers she ran into the hall.

"Hello."

"Is Dr. Carson there?"

"I don't think so. I'll find out."

"You have to get him. I think my mother's dying."

"What's the name?"

"He knows. Tell him Mrs. Harris."

Kay ran down the hall to the doctor's room. The door was closed. He must be home, then. She knocked gently at first. She ended by pounding. No answer. She turned the knob of the door and walked in. Dr. Carson was lying in bed, sleeping soundly. She called him, but he did not awaken. She shook him.

"Doctor! Doctor! David Carson!"

He opened his eyes and surveyed her blankly.

"Mrs. Harris is dying. Hurry." Kay shook him again. He continued to look at her uncomprehendingly.

"Get up. Mrs. Harris is dying. Her daughter is on the phone."

He reached for the receiver. He said, "Yes"; then, a little later, "I'll be right over." He turned from the phone and spent a second collecting his thoughts. Kay was afraid to leave him. Perhaps he'd go back to sleep. She saw his lids droop threateningly, helplessly.

She said, "You have to get up."

He shook himself. "Yes. Who did you say that was called?"

"Mrs. Harris," she replied.

"Oh, yes. Don't go till I get up, will you? I took something to make me sleep and I can't shake it off. No sleep for three nights. I had to get some tonight."

"Of course, but get up now."

He got up and she fled back to her room, but she did not go to sleep till she heard him leaving the apartment.

When she saw him again it was "Good evening, Miss Bronson." Just as polite and distant as ever.

Much to Kay's surprise she was paid precisely at the time her wages fell due. Looking back on the past month filled her with a sense of quiet contentment. All was well with the job, and she had started to write her novel. A whole chapter was finished. That is for the present it was finished. Later she would go back and polish and repolish, but for now it read well enough.

She had changed her mind about bringing it out anonymously. What was the good of doing that? If she decided to continue writing she would need the prestige the novel would bring. The Gordons would be amazed when her book burst upon the world. She wondered if Dr. Carson would bother then to speak to her. She hoped not.

She liked to think that he disliked her personality and would continue to dislike it after she had become a celebrity. She had to think that he disliked her. It was too utterly crushing to consider that he might have no opinion about Robbie's governess aside from that which concerned her work. She hoped that he would keep his distance always and that some time in the years to come they might meet in Seville or Shanghai.

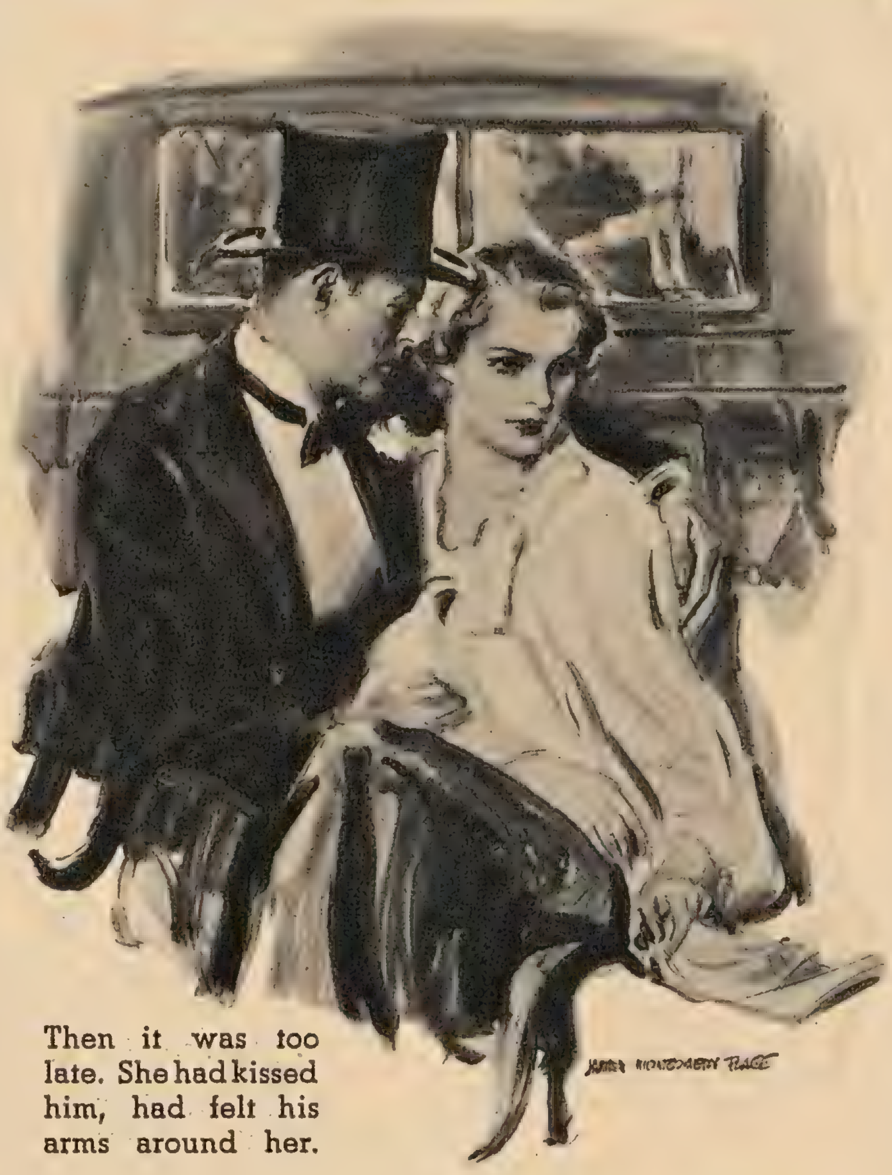
EACH of them by that time would have reached the apex of fame. He the great American surgeon. She the great American novelist.

She would ask in a cool matter-of-fact tone, "Why have you always hated me?"

They would converse for a time, hitting at each other with bitter, clever blows. Their sarcasm would be smooth and scorching. It would be difficult to determine which of the two was more devastatingly smart. Suddenly in the midst of a heavy silent moment he would draw her to him and kiss her eagerly, insanely—

Kay said to herself, "I guess I'm out of my mind. What nonsensical daydreams. As though such a thing could happen. Always Dr. Carson will treat me as though I were an exceptionally uninteresting case of smallpox. Not that it makes any difference, but he always will."

However, he didn't.



Then it was too late. She had kissed him, had felt his arms around her.

Kay usually went to the theater on her nights out. She spent the days looking through the stores. Sometimes if there was a moving picture she wanted to see she skipped the stores. She was discovering that a governess's life was a lonely one. You never met any one. And your position was so strange. Neither fish nor fowl. The servants didn't want you, for you were a higher caste and therefore must be "uppity." Employers naturally didn't make a social equal of you, and other governesses you met while airing your youngster were either foreigners with very little English, or else they were mousy little creatures that you wouldn't want for friends.

She had been with the Gordons three months when Dr. Carson drove her home one evening. It was her day off and she had been to the theater. Then she had walked over to Fifth Avenue, intending to ride home on a bus. A dark coupé rolled past her. The driver said, "Miss Bronson." She knew it must be Dr. Carson. She was acquainted with no other man in town except Mr. Gordon, and he had no automobile. The dark coupé had stopped. Eagerly she ran toward it. Dr. Carson had opened the door.

"Going home?" he asked.

"Yes."

"So am I. Jump in."

"Thank you. This is luck."

SHE settled herself beside him and the car rolled on. For a time he said nothing; then, "Have you been to the theater?"

"Yes. I saw These Three People."

"Dreadful, isn't it?"

"I thought so."

"By the way, do you know our neighborhood is having quite an epidemic of measles? I wanted to talk to you about that. You can sort of keep Robbie away from other kids for a time."

"He doesn't play with any strangers. He meets Sally Stern over in the park and usually plays with her."

"Who is she?"

"Her mother is a friend of Mrs. Gordon."

"That won't keep her from having measles."

"No, but it will keep me from saying he can't meet her tomorrow in the park."

Dr. Carson shook his head. "No, it won't. From now on, no companions till I say so. I'll back you up."

A silence fell. Then suddenly he said, "I wish I were asleep. I've got a big day tomorrow."

"An operation?"

"At least two."

"That's interesting, isn't it?"

"Sometimes. Not always. The ones tomorrow are hard work and nothing exciting."

"Oh, I thought they were always exciting. I pictured them dramatic and full of suspense."

Dr. Carson laughed. His laughter reminded her that she had forgotten she was a governess.

"You never saw anything more businesslike and less spectacular than an operation," he said. "Really. Sometimes there is drama, of course, but you wouldn't know it. The nurses don't stand about rooting for you like spectators at a horse race, you know."

"Oh, no?" asked Kay in mock disappointment. "Then it really must be a dreadful bore."

As people are so apt to do, once they have convinced you of their argument, the doctor now changed sides.

"To any one who doesn't understand surgery the tiny yet important differences in each and every operation cannot be explained. It is because of those differences that we never grow tired."

"Surgery must be the most fascinating thing in the world," Kay said.

"I guess it is."

"I'd like to watch an operation sometime."

"Women always say that."

"Do they? Why?"

"Why did you say it?"

"Because I'm interested. I'm interested in anything that interests some worth-while group of people."

"Are you? Well, I've found that women have several reasons for expressing their eagerness to watch an operation. One is that they like to pretend to an intelligent curiosity which they do not feel at all. Another is that many women want to tell the story afterward, complete, with all details of how they didn't once dream of fainting."

"What happens when one of these stupid women gets in the operating room?"

"Some of them turn yellow and green before a nurse notices them and gets them out. A few stand it all right, of course, but they're no help in there. They're better left outside."

"I guess I won't ask you for permission to witness an operation."

He smiled. "Not yet, anyway. I'll wait till I see how you act the next time I put a couple of stitches in Robbie."

"I hope you never get a chance to see how I act on that occasion, Dr. Carson. I'll stay out of your operating room willingly if that's to be my test."

He turned and looked at her. "You like the kid, don't you?"

"Of course. Who wouldn't?"

"I don't know who wouldn't. He's the swellest kid I've ever seen. You know, I wouldn't be surprised but what you could look at a simple operation without falling on the floor. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"You're pretty sensible and level-headed. We'll see. I'll think it over. But, listen. I don't want you to say anything to Mrs. Gordon about this. She'll get the idea that she wants to see, too, and she's entirely too high-strung and imaginative."

"I won't say a word."

"All right. Thursday's your day off, isn't it? I'll see if I can stage a nice hysterectomy for you next week."

"What's that?"

"I'll tell you in plenty of time to give you a chance to escape."

From there on the conversation perished. Perhaps he thought he had been too friendly and must make amends. Perhaps he just couldn't think of anything more to say. At the door of the Ethan Allen Arms Kay got out. In a flash Dr. Carson had pulled away without giving her a chance to thank him for the lift.

SHE had not been fooled by the excuse he had offered for wishing their conversation kept a secret. Dr. Carson was anxious lest the Gordons accuse him of an interest in her. Kay knew. No young doctor would be found dead with a governess. Why, a doctor has a certain dignity to maintain. A governess! Heavens, what an idea!

When she looked at Robbie's round pink cheeks and clear eyes she was proud to be his governess, but if only once she could make Dr. Carson see her as Kay Bronson, life would be brighter. It was stupid and utterly without excuse or reason. She didn't need Dr. Carson.

A dozen times a day she said to herself, "I'm a fool. When will I get sense?"

For she was going through the same thing again. The same awful thing that had made her run out on Dr. Garrison and trade in everything worth while for a great fool of a drug clerk. Once again she was thinking that nothing was too much to pay for the privilege of being kissed and kissed.

Dr. Carson appeared to have forgotten that he had laughed and talked with Robbie's governess and made almost a promise to her. Not once until the following Wednesday night did he add a word to his customary "Good evening, Miss Bronson." But on that Wednesday night he proved that he hadn't forgotten. Robbie was in the bathtub trying very hard to ride a cake of soap on his little celluloid boat. Kay was turning down the covers of his bed when the doctor walked into the room.

"Good evening, Miss Bronson."

"Good evening, doctor."

"Still want to see an operation?" he asked in a low voice.

"Certainly."

"Can you come down tomorrow?"

"Yes. What time?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Pretty early. I'll have to ask Mrs. Gordon."

"All right. If you can make it, go into the office and have them call me."

"Thank you, doctor."

He grinned, and the expression which he turned toward her reminded her strongly of Robbie when he was about to do something naughty. "Oh, you're welcome," he said.

MRS. GORDON unquestioningly consented to Kay's leaving at eight thirty in the morning. And at a quarter of nine she was in the hospital inquiring for Dr. David Carson.

She was sent to the seventh floor, where he met her at the elevator, introduced her to a pretty nurse, and disappeared.

"I'm to get you ready," the nurse explained. "Will you come with me?"

There was an odor of ether in the halls. Kay had a moment when she wished she hadn't been so curious or such a smarty cat.

"What's the operation to be?" Kay asked.

"Didn't Dr. Carson tell you?"

"He mentioned something about a hysterectomy."

"He's having a little joke with you. The patient's a man."

"Oh," said Kay. That much was learned anyway. An hysterectomy was a woman's operation, and knowing that much it was easy to gather a general idea of the rest.

While the nurse tied Kay into a white and very sterilized gown and tied her hair up in a helmet just as white and sterilized, she described something of the operation.

"There's still time to back out, you know. Don't be a fool and go in there if you feel squeamish."

"Oh, I'm all right. Is he likely to die?"

"No, I don't think so. At least not on the table. Well, you're ready. Come on."

"Doesn't the patient object to an audience?" Kay asked as they hurried toward the operating room.

"He's too sick to object to anything. Besides, he's a ward case, you know."

"Oh, I see. Are you going to be in there?"

"No. I'm just dropping you off. Don't touch anything in there, or anybody either."

"I won't. Is Dr. Carson operating?"

"Yes. Dr. Monroe is assisting. Do you know him?"

"No."

The operating room surprised Kay. She had expected to see something the size of Madison Square Garden. The comparatively tiny room made her sorry she had asked to come in. Was there room for every one? The place seemed alive with nurses bustling about in the cramped quarters, gathering instruments and basins and towels. Three men were there. The patient had not yet arrived. Dr. Carson did not look at her. He spoke in a low tone to one man, who was Dr. Monroe, and then shouted at the other, who was obviously the anæsthetician.

Kay made herself scarce in a corner of the room. One of the nurses looked at her, and Kay knew instantly that she had been appointed to drag her out if a fainting spell seemed on its way. Kay made up her mind that there would be no fainting spell. The embarrassment of it would haunt her forever. She must close her eyes if she felt faint and just not see any more. There must be no shameful behavior on her part.

A sudden hush fell upon the little room. The patient was rolled in on silent black-tired wheels. He looked dead already. Could Dr. Carson take this limp yellow body and make it live again? Would that man sit on his veranda again, rocking back and forth and reading the Sunday papers? Would he laugh and discuss the World's Series and go to the movies and search through an ice box for a midnight snack?

She looked at Dr. Carson. If he could make a man of that limp sack of skin and bones he was a marvel.

The patient was on the table now. The silence in the little room was dreadful. The nurse who had looked at Kay now beckoned her closer. Kay walked to the table. She could hear her heart pounding and wondered if the others could hear it, too. Perhaps it would disturb Dr. Carson and he would order her out. He could see her face from where she now stood. It would be impossible to close her eyes. By chance he might look at her and know that she was yellow. She must watch.

THEY were giving the anæsthetic. In a moment the show would be on. She felt a strange sense of shame that she should be here contributing nothing to this unfortunate man's fight for his life. If she could not help him she should be somewhere else, minding her own business.

Now Dr. Carson was going to operate. She did not close her eyes. She did not think of closing them. It was too absorbing to watch the swift dexterous hands of the surgeon. There was no horror, no nausea for Kay. There was only wonder and admiration. She could not understand all that he did, but the rapidity and precision of his movements were fascinating. The patient lost all significance as a man and was merely the medium in which a great artist worked.

The minutes ticked away. An hour and twenty minutes was lost in that silent little room. Kay had no notion of time. It was a minute to her, or perhaps a year. A great experience.

The patient was riding away on his silent wheels. Dr. Monroe was speaking. "He's a cinch to get well, Dave. I wouldn't give him another thought."

"No," said Dr. Carson, "*you* probably wouldn't." He hadn't looked at Kay, and he was striding out of the operating room.

The nurse called her. "Come on. You'll want to fix up a little, I guess. Well, how was it? Feel sick?"

"No."

"You took it like a veteran. I watched you."

When she had said good-by to the nurses and thanked them, Kay walked to the elevator. Dr. Carson was standing there. He was in his street clothes now, looking as calm and rested as though he had not yet begun his busy day.

"Well?" he demanded. "See any drama?"

"Yes. It was very exciting."

"They tell me you took it like a major."

"I was all right. You work too swiftly and neatly for a spectator to feel anything but wonderment."

"Thank you."

MY, BUT YOU ARE CERTAINLY A GALLANT YOUNG HUSBAND TONIGHT
SURE— I WANT YOU TO TAKE IT EASY. I KNOW YOU DID A HARD WASH TODAY
HARD WASH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I KNOW HOW TIRED YOU ALWAYS ARE AFTER SCRUBBING THE WASH EVERY MONDAY
PUT YOUR MIND AT EASE, FRANK. I WASH CLOTHES A NEW, "NO-SCRUB" WAY NOW
YOU SEE, I READ IN THE PAPERS HOW RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING, SO I DECIDED TO TRY IT— WELL, IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM
NO WONDER YOU LOOK PRETTIER AND FRESHER TONIGHT
—NOT ONLY THAT, BUT RINSO GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. AND NOW THAT THE CLOTHES AREN'T SCRUBBED THEY'LL LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—WE'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY

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THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

"Thank you for letting me come. I know you think me a fool for wanting to come in the first place, and for presuming to compliment you on something that I couldn't possibly understand or appreciate. However, I assure you that I was deeply interested and am grateful to you for allowing me to witness the operation."

"Just a moment, Miss Bronson. I don't think you a fool. Quite the contrary. If I did, you would never have gotten in there and Robbie would have been out of your care long ago."

She had rung for the elevator. It came now. Three nurses stepped out and a hospital attendant pushing an empty wheel chair.

"Well, good-by, Dr. Carson. And thank you again."

"Wait a minute." He caught her arm and drew her away from the elevator. "Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

She was too surprised to answer at once.

He said, "Please don't say no. Why can't we have dinner together?"

"All right."

"I'll meet you at seven anywhere you say."

"I'll be downtown."

"All right. How is the Ritz? We'll go to a show."

"That'll be fine." Kay wondered if he had figured all that out during the operation.

At dinner they talked about hospitals, Robbie, and the theater. Nothing personal. Nothing that Mrs. Gordon couldn't have heard. It was a very pleasant dinner, save for the five minutes when Mr. Belding joined them. Mr. Belding was apparently a very old and privileged friend of Dr. Carson. He had no way of knowing that Miss Bronson in her smart clothes was Robbie Gordon's governess. He didn't know what embarrassment he caused by his jolly comments.

"Well, it's time you got yourself a pretty girl and stepped out a little, you old hermit. You show him the town, Miss Bronson. He hasn't seen anything yet except hospitals."

"I'm afraid I couldn't show him much. I'm a stranger here."

"You'll soon know your way around—a pretty girl like you. Any time he doesn't want to take you, you just call me. We'll show him."

After a time Mr. Belding went away. Kay and Dr. Carson looked at each other and laughed.

"He's not a bad guy," Dr. Carson said. "He doesn't mean anything."

"I know. Is he acquainted with Mrs. Gordon?"

"No."

"Then there's no harm done."

She wondered if she looked as pretty to Dr. Carson as she had to Mr. Belding. She *felt* pretty tonight. It was such a joy to be with somebody again and that that somebody was Dr. Carson was almost too much to bear.

They were going to a musical show. She hated musical shows but she never thought of that in the excitement of being with him.

"Where do you come from, Miss Bronson?"

She told him and asked the same question.

"OH, I'm a born-and-bred New Yorker. I was born in east Harlem. Or doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"It doesn't mean anything, I'm afraid. I don't know the town well enough to picture east Harlem twenty-eight years ago."

He laughed at her guess.

"Thirty years ago," he corrected. "Well, it wasn't exactly swank. Georgia missed the worst of it. We were in a better house when she came along."

"That was lucky for her, wasn't it?"

"Oh, she's always lucky. Shall we be going?"

They missed half of the first act, but being a musical show it didn't matter. Dr. Carson saw nobody he knew in the theater, though Kay fancied she saw him looking about cautiously from time to time.

"If he's so frightened of being seen with me, why did he ask me out? He doesn't owe me anything, unless this is my reward for not fainting and making a show of myself in the operating room."

On the ride home they discussed their film favorites and laughed a little now and then. Still, Kay thought gloomily, nothing had been said in the whole evening that would make it impossible for him to treat her distantly again. She had not made a friend of him. He had been lonely. That was it. He had been too busy to keep up any contacts, and in the hospital it had occurred to him that she, too, was probably without a date for the evening. A governess wouldn't be his choice, but she would do to fill in a lonesome evening. That was it. Well, it had been pleasant and she was grateful, no matter what had prompted the invitation.

When he stopped the car they were not in front of the Ethan Allen Arms. They were on the street behind it. A dark street.

He said, "We can't drive up again together. I thought I'd stop here to thank you for a lovely evening."

"I'm thankful to you, doctor."

"I have another name," he said. "It's David. What's yours?"

"Kay."

"Is that all of it? Just Kay?"

"No. It's Kelvin. Strange, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you're a strange girl. I can't figure you out."

"Why can't you?"

"Because you're secretive. You never say the things you're thinking. I know. You have Georgia scared to death of you because you look at her as though you were thinking things you wouldn't dare to say."

"What nonsense!"

"IS it?" He turned and looked in her face. "You must have trouble with jobs," he said. "In every family, I suppose, there's a man like me who's on the make for you."

"What!" She was genuinely astounded.

"Sure. Couldn't you tell?"

She laughed. "Oh, yes, of course. Your 'Good evening, Miss Bronson' simply scorches a lady with its passion."

"Technique, my little one. Do you suppose I couldn't see at once that you were the prettiest girl on earth? Tell the truth. Didn't the distant professional treatment sort of work on your imagination?"

"Why, you conceited young fool!"

He laughed and put his arms around her. "Kiss me, Kay."

In the fleeting second that passed before she kissed him she thought of many things. He was conceited. He should be taught a lesson. Perhaps he'd tell Mrs. Gordon that she was no good.

Perhaps he'd just decide for himself that he didn't want her around Robbie. If she kissed him she'd be lost. She was a fool.

Then it was too late. She had kissed him, had felt his arms around her. He was talking to her now, but she wasn't listening. She didn't have to listen. She knew what he was saying. He was saying what he had to say—the same old familiar lines that every man knows and repeats in the stupid belief that he alone knows them. For the first second every woman recognizes them as shopworn words, but if she listens too long she forgets and comes to believe, like the man, that only he knows such convincing arguments and persuasive pleas.

Kay jumped from the car and ran away. As she ran she remembered how she had run from her first kiss. She had recognized it as hashish and had flown swiftly away. But the young man who had first kissed her had not pursued her.

He had let her go. He had thought that she was offended. It would be different this time. Dr. Carson was no fool.

If the doctor was no fool, how much of a fool is Kay? Remember, she has twice accused herself of being man-crazy, and once, at least, has allowed her life to be nearly wrecked by the strange fascination through her ill-fated marriage to Billy Warren. Watch the next installment of this absorbing novel for the first effects of this new contact on the lovely girl.

WILD, WISTFUL, WORKMANLIKE

The Hilarious Mr. Barrymore, the Appealing Mr. Colman, and Two Achievements in Picture Craftsmanship Offer a Variety of Entertainment

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ TWENTIETH CENTURY

THE PLAYERS: John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns. Directed by Howard Hawks.

IN the years that have passed since they called him the Great Lover, John Barrymore has twitched, stomped, grunted, eyebrowed, and bawled his way through a variety of rôles as magnate, scapegoat, maniac, thief, and counselor at law—rôles which have been specifically designed to deprive him of all chance to exercise his talents as a comedian.

This picture lets him open up, and he is great. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote the adaptation of their own play. But let it be known at once that Columbia's Twentieth Century is much better than the play of the same name, and that it has nothing to do with a train, except that the last sequences are played en route from Chicago to New York. It is a full-length wildly hilarious portrait of a theatrical producer, Oscar Jaffe, who seems to be a composite of Morris Gest, Jed Harris, and Belasco. It shows Jaffe at the peak of his success, creating a theatrical star, Lily Garland (Carole Lombard), and how, leaving after a climactic series of quarrels, she goes on to greater triumphs, while he does badly, so that in the wind-up his dilemma is (1) to get Lily Garland back on contract, or (2) go broke.

In the opinion of this department, Oscar Jaffe is the best characterization Barrymore has ever given. It is wild characterization, but even in its craziest moments you feel the tight frame of good drama underneath it. The gags are not quotable, because they don't stand isolated but are the product of mood, and a mood that is close enough to Barrymore's own dry sardonic humor to make the rôle fit like a leading man's toupee. Some of the famous Belasco anecdotes are in it—sticking a pin into Lily's anatomy to get the right pitch for a stage scream; pretending to be dying in order to get a contract signed. But you don't have to know anything or care anything about Belasco — or even Barrymore — to laugh at this. It's a swell picture.

★★★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, Warner Oland, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

SINCE the early Bulldog Drummond pictures were among the first great talking successes, it is only logical at this point that producer Darryl Zanuck, with Ronald Colman under contract, should revive the character. Colman himself needs no revivification. His long holidays between productions seem only to sharpen his pleasant British knack of being wistful with a bounce.

At the risk of violating the tradition against telling how a mystery comes out, we will warn you that this one is built around an anecdote which went the rounds of the newspaper columns last year and concerned the landing of a richly cargoed but cholera-ridden freight ship. It does not matter anyway. There are Oriental dastards, London fog, kidnapings, bobbies, the delicious trembling of Loretta Young's lower lip, and comic-relief cuts to Charles Butterworth, who has just married Una Merkel and is intercepted by the telephone whenever he has any chance of getting into bed with her. Nunnally Johnson's dialogue has the happy faculty of chuckling at itself when the plot gets too involved, which is fairly often. Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back is for kids and people who like Colman—and that, no doubt, includes nearly everybody.

John Barrymore and Carole Lombard in a scene from the sardonically humorous film, Twentieth Century.

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back is featured by the return of Ronald Colman. With him is Loretta Young.

PAST THE CENSOR

By FRANCES INGRAM

Frances Ingram

Jean Harlow, who has been out of the films for some time, because of a difference of opinion about salary, has one of the strangest fads in Hollywood. She has a craze for white . . . the furniture in her home, her automobile and most of her clothes are white. I saw her the other night wearing an evening gown of purest white, though she does wear black with white for the street.

Talking about clothes, Polly Moran had to have hers padded for retakes of some scenes of "Hollywood Party". It seems that she went on a diet when the film was finished and lost so much weight that the scenes did not match when they were retaken.

Do you remember the thrills you had from reading "Treasure Island"? Well, soon you will be able to recall them by seeing the picture based on R. L. Stevenson's immortal classic, and with what a cast! I saw Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Jackie Cooper and even "Chic" Sale on the set for the first scenes.

More about the classics or, at least, what I regard as classics. "Anne of Green Gables" is being adapted probably with Mitzi Green in the title role. The fat, freckled faced little girl is a lovely young woman now.

★★★★ INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM,

the Four Star Face Cream.

Do you know that stars of the stage and screen have depended on Milkweed Cream for years? They use Milkweed Cream for the removal of make-up. They use it to protect their complexions against the drying and freckling effects of the sun. They use it to keep their skins free from blemishes. They use it on their hands.

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★★★ MANHATTAN MELODRAMA

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, George Sidney. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

ARTHUR CÆSAR'S fable of a governor (William Powell) who sends his best friend, "Blackie" Gallagher (Clark Gable), a homicidal gambler, to the electric chair without losing his friendship might easily have seemed as preposterous in celluloid as a statement of its premise seems in print.

That it emerges as unusual screen entertainment is due partly to the fine craftsmanship of every one concerned, and partly to a quality that lifts the story itself out of the limited staccato utterance of melodrama and gives it conviction as a study of two lives which branch in opposite directions from a Manhattan tenement.

Papa Rosen (George Sidney) lives in a tenement. He adopts Jim and Blackie when their parents and his son die in a fire that wrecks a Hudson River excursion boat.

Jim and Blackie go different ways, but they respect each other's point of view—even each other's mutual interest in a girl, Eleanor (Myrna Loy), who is first Blackie's sweetheart and then Jim's wife.

Several moments in Manhattan Melodrama are much harder to forget than are its carefully elaborated climaxes. There is the night, for instance, of the river-boat disaster.

Papa Rosen has asked the boys how they would like to come to live with him, and they seem embarrassed; they don't think it would be so good. "But I ain't a Jew," says Blackie. "Neither is Jim." Half stupefied by his own loss, Rosen looks around at the dead and injured people from the boat—rows of them lying on the river bank under the torchlight. "Catholic, Protestant, Jew—what does it matter now?"

If you have somewhere to go after the show, you can skip without much loss the ending, with its intercutting of Blackie's barytone bravado in the death house and Jim's corresponding pangs of conscience in the gubernatorial mansion.

But the chances are you'll find it easier to stay.

★★½ PRIVATE SCANDAL

THE PLAYERS: Zasu Pitts, Phillips Holmes, Mary Brian, Ned Sparks, Lew Cody. Directed by Ralph Murphy.

THIS is what is known to the film trade as a "cheater"—a phrase used to define a picture that cheats the stockholders of the right to sneer at the company controller; in other words, one that doesn't cost much to make but looks as though it has.

If the audience feels cheated, a "cheater" has failed in its purpose. This one doesn't. True to the traditions of its kind, almost all the action takes place in one inexpensive set—the offices of B. J. Somers (Lew Cody), a realtor who has run on hard luck.

The employees, family, and friends of Mr. Somers are the kind of people one expects to find in cheaters—film players who have been before the public long enough to be "names" but not so successfully that they can command exaggerated wages for their services.

Several of them have good reason for wishing Mr. Somers dead. He even has a reason for wishing himself dead, since he has gambled away the capital of his company and the only way in which he can repay investors is by making available his life-insurance benefits.

When he tells Cliff Barry (Phillips Holmes) on the telephone that he is going to shoot himself, the latter starts for his office to prevent this. Somers is dead when Barry arrives; and the latter's natural belief that his employer has committed suicide, contrasted to our suspicion that he has been murdered, gives suspense to the activities, through the remainder of the film, of a pair of comedy detectives who heckle the office force, lay bare the telephone girl's love affair with the sales manager, cause Barry's fiancée (Mary Brian) to faint at intervals, and keep Zasu Pitts on the run between the chamber of inquiry and the office lavatory.

What it all goes to prove, if anything, is probably that the problem of substituting a little brains for a lot of money in producing films rarely mitigates unduly against entertainment values.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women.

★★★—Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man.

Twenty Questions

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When was the regular transatlantic radiotelephone service inaugurated?

2—Who made the first nail machine and when?

3—How many Presidents have died in office?

4—What are the Bad Lands?

5—What is the common meaning of El Dorado?

6—Where in the human body is the hock?

7—When was the Monroe Doctrine promulgated?

8—What are five of the most dangerous snakes?

9—For whom was the month of July named?

10—What is a divining rod?

11—What is the circumference of the earth at the equator?

12—What is the present name of Constantinople?

13—How many foreign-language publications are there in the United States?

14—What is the Continental Divide?

15—Who was the first Vice President of the United States?

16—Who was Sir Christopher Wren?

17—What is a Kanaka?

18—What does *née* placed before a name denote?

19—What is a Zollverein?

20—Which baseball club and what manager won the first World's Series between the present major leagues?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

Something has happened in Electric Refrigeration!

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"My dear, ice trays that stick are out-of-date...

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Primo CARNERA —a Revelation

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT was fifteen years ago this summer that a grotesquely oversized, grinning boy of twelve trudged on burlap-incased feet of prodigious displacement out of an Italian village near Venice and turned his face toward a beckoning Paris.

Parental poverty drove him. If he stayed home and was fed, there would be no food left for brothers Severino and Secundo, nor for the parents. When this became obvious to him, he left gladly and with pathetic humility. Already he was six feet two inches tall, weighed more than 200 pounds, and had the frame of a brontosaurus. He returned to his native village fifteen years later, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, a national hero, still bewildered, still amiable, still grinning—and still broke.

He had spent fourteen years " on the spot."

This Primo Carnera has run the gamut of human experiences from poverty to wealth and back again, from obscurity to international acclaim. Drama? No life has been more replete with it. He has, in a decade and a half, trod rocky roads on feet wrapped in old sacks. He has sailed the seas as a common deck hand. He has wrestled elephants in a circus and defied the strength of gasoline-powered antagonists of cold steel and timber. He has broken bread with the Prince of Wales and he has told a Soho waitress that he loved her and—unhappy moment—convinced her that he meant it.

He has achieved the summit of his chosen profession. He has rolled in wealth and gone broke half a dozen times. He has been decorated by the country that permitted him to walk, outward bound, across its border, penniless, unshod, and unmourned.

He has been on the spot in every conceivable sense. His honesty as a pugilist has been questioned, his ability challenged, his courage impugned, his physical equipment scoffed at, his very right to live as he has chosen debated. He won his world's heavyweight title with a punch that was, and remains to this day, invisible. He defeated little Tommy Loughran by stepping on his feet and outboxing him, when by all the laws of common sense and physics he should have destroyed him completely. And he earned his chance at Jack Sharkey's championship by catching poor Ernie Schaaf more dead than alive and pushing him into eternal darkness with a mild shove on the cheek.

That he was maneuvered, through highly odoriferous influences, into the chance at Sharkey's title is an acknowledged fact. That he did *not* knock Sharkey unconscious with the right-hand uppercut that escaped the eyes of a dozen of America's ablest reporters, seated directly beneath the point where it was reported to have been delivered, is as incontrovertible.

That he was afraid of the puny hitting of Tommy Loughran in Miami last winter is just as fully established. That he cannot hit and cannot take a hard punch to the jaw—although admittedly impervious to body punishment—every one with a semblance of boxing knowledge admits. Yet, in the face of all this, there aren't three established boxing authorities who will concede that he is even likely to lose his championship to Max Baer.

Why? What causes this grotesque inconsistency?

For one thing, the sheer tonnage of the man. He is the biggest fighter ever to hold the championship. He is by all odds the most powerful, and by the admission of the smart boys everywhere he is one of the two or three fastest and cleverest. Not since Jim Corbett has a man carried the sheer speed into a heavyweight fight that this Italian freak carries. Even Tunney, for all his admitted science, was not as fast with his hands and feet as Carnera. Loughran, Sharkey, Tom Gibbons, Jack Johnson—none of them had the sheer all-round speed of hand and foot Carnera has. Even Baer, with the staccato speed and enthusiasm of youth, will not compare with him in agility.

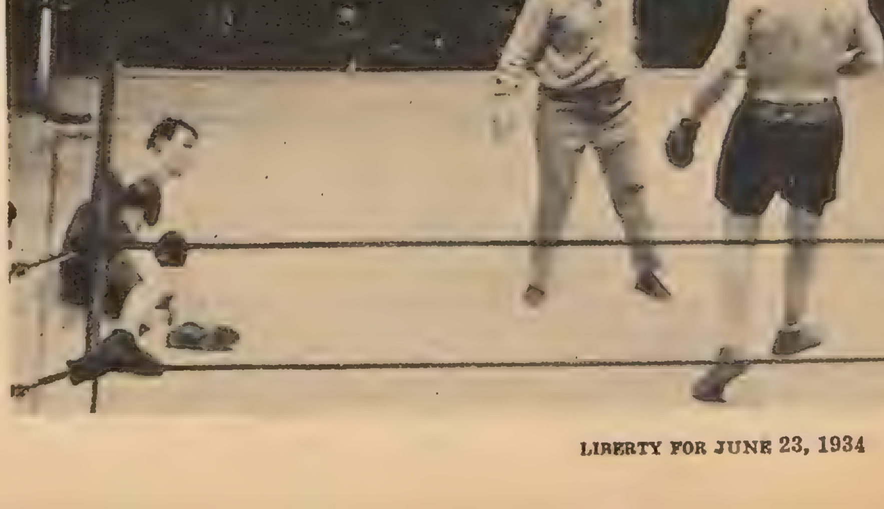
" If Baer could hit him," the experts begin—and then sadly shake their heads. " But he'll never get a chance to," they finish. Then, sighing, they add the inevitable last word: " But the big bum's certainly on the spot—he's got to come through clean this time or he's done."

The question mark against Carnera's integrity as a fighter cannot be blamed upon the man himself. The blame lies with those who have handled him. Even throughout that first ridiculous nation-wide tour during which farm hands and blacksmiths' helpers and bar flies fell before him, Carnera was not, it can safely be said, aware that he was engaging in anything other than amazingly easy matches. There is every reason to assume that he genuinely believed he was knocking out that bizarre collection of fist fodder.

Even in the absurd Bombo Chevalier fiasco on the Pacific coast, Carnera was naïvely innocent. That a towel came flying into the ring from the Chevalier corner while Bombo was belting Primo mightily seemed to Primo to be only the proper thing. He was just fixing to knock Bombo's ears off when it happened.

A trusting and friendly soul, as amiable as a St. Bernard puppy, dishonesty has no place in his ingenuous make-up. Neither, unhappily, has shrewdness or even self-preservation. Although he has earned close to half a million dollars in the ring within three or four years, he hasn't a cent he can call his own. He has debts that a ten-year reign as champion, with a half-million-dollar

Acme photos



U. & U. News photo

"He's on the Spot," the Wise Ones Say, and He's More than a Little Bewildered—You'll Know the Italian Goliath Better When You Have Read This Article

by DICK WILLIAMS

fight a year, couldn't eradicate, what with his present managerial complications, which devour the moneys through sheer numbers as fast as they roll in.

He hasn't so much as the price of a suit of underwear or a new necktie. In Miami last spring, training for the Loughran fight, he presented the unbelievable spectacle of a world's heavyweight champion wandering alone about the streets of the town, stopping on corners to talk with ragamuffins and loafers because he wanted companionship and hadn't even a quarter with which to pay his way into a movie.

Unfailingly polite and considerate of others, he is stunned and baffled by the mess he's in. He seems unable to understand that the sort of people who follow prize fighting and fawn upon prize fighters actually are fawning upon well filled purses. He believes that if a man is courteous and thoughtful he should be rewarded with friendship and respect, and the jeers that greet his well-intentioned friendliness confuse him pitifully.

THE tragedy of Carnera, of course, is the greediness of his handling. When he walked out of Italy, a most evil star must have led him through the slums of Marseilles and the bitter viciousness of the Mediterranean ports. It led him into entanglements with the French military. Finally it led him, by struggling degrees that included a job as a circus strong man, into the clutches of M. Leon See via Paul Journée.

Journée, one-time French heavyweight champion and a sparring partner of Georges Carpentier when he trained here for the Dempsey fight, found Carnera sitting on a water-front bench in Bordeaux, hungry and looking for work. Having no money to support the giant's appetite, he turned him over to See, who called upon Walter (Good-Time Charley) Friedman to help him support this find.

"Da Preem." Below, left to right: His knockout of Ernie Schaaf—after which Ernie died; his technical knockout of Jack Gross; and his "invisible" one of Jack Sharkey.

Friedman was the foreign representative of one Bill Duffy, Broadway racketeer and henchman of the notorious Owney Madden, then king of Manhattan's illicit liquor traffic. He signed Carnera, with See, on the provision that if he ever reached America, Duffy would be his manager. Then they took the giant to Paris and he began his boxing career, which included fifteen fights before he started for America. In one of these he met the late Young Stribling in London and got a tooth knocked out because he insisted upon looking at the Prince of Wales, in a ringside seat, instead of at Stribling.

Having lost the fight on a foul, Stribling won a second with the giant the same way. Then came the trip to America that ended with a handful of curious at the dock to greet the man Friedman had advertised as seven feet three inches tall.

Carnera never has been and never will be more than six feet six, although he is magnificently proportioned and perfectly muscled.

He made his first appearance in New York against one Big Boy Peterson, who collapsed midway in the first round of their Madison Square Garden match. Then began the tour of the country which was punctuated with knockouts of Farmer Lodge, Jack McAuliffe, George Trafton, Cowboy Owens, Ace Clark, and suchlike.

DICK WILLIAMS

has done about every variety of newspaper job there is, including foreign correspondence and dramatic criticism as well as sports reporting and editing. He says he "admits having been in the World War but withholds further commitments as to age."

At the close of the argosy there was a great deal of money in the pokes of M. See and Messrs. Duffy and Friedman, but practically none in Carnera's pocket. Carnera trusted See and allowed him to handle his funds. It has resulted in the two parting company, both professionally and socially.

The tour that opened with Peterson closed with George Godfrey, a Titanic Philadelphia darky. Meanwhile See and Duffy had disagreed bitterly. Duffy could not dominate the stubborn, fiery little Frenchman. See had Carnera's complete friendship and confidence. Moreover, he could converse with Carnera in his own tongue, and Carnera had made little progress in Duffy's English.

Duffy and Friedman were looking for a spit upon which to toast M. See when the Godfrey match came up. It came as close to being on the up and up as any of the earlier Carnera fights, in so far as the actual fighting was concerned.

Duffy and Friedman, disgusted with See and believing Carnera was through as a drawing card after his farcical tour, were looking for an out. They called upon Jimmy Dougherty to help them get rid of Carnera and See with George Godfrey as the instrument. They didn't want See to have anything left, so they deliberately set out to get Carnera's brains knocked out, as the quaint patois of the trade has it.

GODFREY, vastly experienced and a relentless hitter, would put the muffler on Carnera forever. See would then have no chattel fit for public sale and Duffy and Friedman would be rid of a lot of headaches.

At the same time, there was a fantastic long chance that Carnera would win. In that event he definitely would be an asset. But Messrs. Duffy and Friedman still would be his managers—and they could tolerate even See if the money was coming in.

Godfrey pommeled Carnera fearfully for three rounds. Carnera, with the hurt look of a child, took terrific body punishment—which he can take in great shipments—and kept trying. Finally Godfrey, arm-weary and rubbery-legged from his own exertions, realized suddenly that here was a man stronger than he was and in infinitely better condition. Aware that he was in for a pasting from that point on, Big George fouled out in the fifth.

Carnera was made, more or less. The public began to take him seriously. After all, he was a superman in stamina. And he was always in superb condition. No man in ring history ever trained more faithfully or more diligently than Carnera. He has his own explanation for that, couched in his broken English.

"Forty of my countrymen, physical directors, came here at the invitation of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden," he explains. "They go to his Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York. They go to his Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee. They take intensive training in diet, gymnasium, and American sports. They come to me and tell me how wonderful. Since then I follow their training rules to the letter and I am far, far better than ever."

Now came the break with See. Duffy and Friedman crowded the little Frenchman out. See went back to France. Carnera sued him for moneys he claimed were coming to him and got nothing.

See struck back. He told all. He said publicly that Carnera could not fight, never would be able to fight, and hadn't won a single fight on his merits. Yet, in the face of all this, Carnera, with a fellow countryman as his financial guide, was pushed into the Sharkey match—after the fatal fight with Ernie Schaaf.

Schaaf went into the ring as America's best young heavyweight. Carnera outboxed him magnificently. He stabbed left hands and whipped right uppercuts and danced about easily. The thirteenth round came. Schaaf, torpid and spiritless, plodded in. His white face was whiter than ever; his eyes were dull.

Carnera pushed a light left jab to his cheek. Schaaf's eyes were glazed now. He sank forward slowly, his face in the resin. Carnera stepped back, bewildered. The crowd booed and cursed. There was a near riot.

THEY carried Schaaf from the ring. Newspapers denounced the "farce." Four days later, in the midst of all this pother, Ernie Schaaf died.

Carnera was near prostration. Alone in his hotel, he wept. He begged to be taken to Schaaf's mother. He begged to go to the funeral. He did send a huge blanket of flowers with a note of sympathy that was a classic of simple, heartfelt grief.

Finally he began to fight again. He met Sharkey and the result was that invisible knockout punch. He went back to Italy and, at the command of Mussolini, fought Paolino Uzcudun for nothing, and barely got a decision over the antique woodchopper.

He came back to America and signed to meet Tommy Loughran in Miami. He won that fight—by outboxing a man eighty pounds lighter than himself and the lightest puncher in the heavyweight division. He was accused of fouling, of using his weight to wear Loughran down, and of running away from Loughran's light taps.

Out of these fights—Schaaf, Sharkey, Paolino, and Loughran—he collected little more than ill repute. They were poor money fights and what money he got was immediately attached by creditors. The Loughran fight didn't pay expenses.

Then came the making of the Baer fight. Baer had knocked out Max Schmeling. He was the idol of young America. Carnera's management had said he would not be given a chance at the title, and the word was out that the Carnera mob feared Baer. But Baer's canny little manager, Ancil Hoffman, and the mercurial Baer himself overcame that obstacle—by means of a stage fight with Carnera in the motion picture The Prizefighter and the Lady.

During the fight scenes Baer allowed Carnera to outspeed and outbox him. He became putty in the champion's hands, and Carnera told his managers, "Why afraid of him? I handle him like baby. I want fight him."

So the match was made. And so Carnera is on the spot more than ever.

Yet he goes into the fight against the powerful-hitting, impregnable Baer as the favorite!

Whatever becomes of him, he will go down in boxing history with two distinctions: he has been, potentially, the greatest heavyweight that ever lived and he has been the most pathetic victim of vicious mismanagement and bad advice of any fighter in the history of a cheap and unsavory business.

THE END

A Small-Town Girl Finds Happiness Behind the Glare of Broadway—Here Is the Stirring Finish of a Lively Footlight Romance

Trouper

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

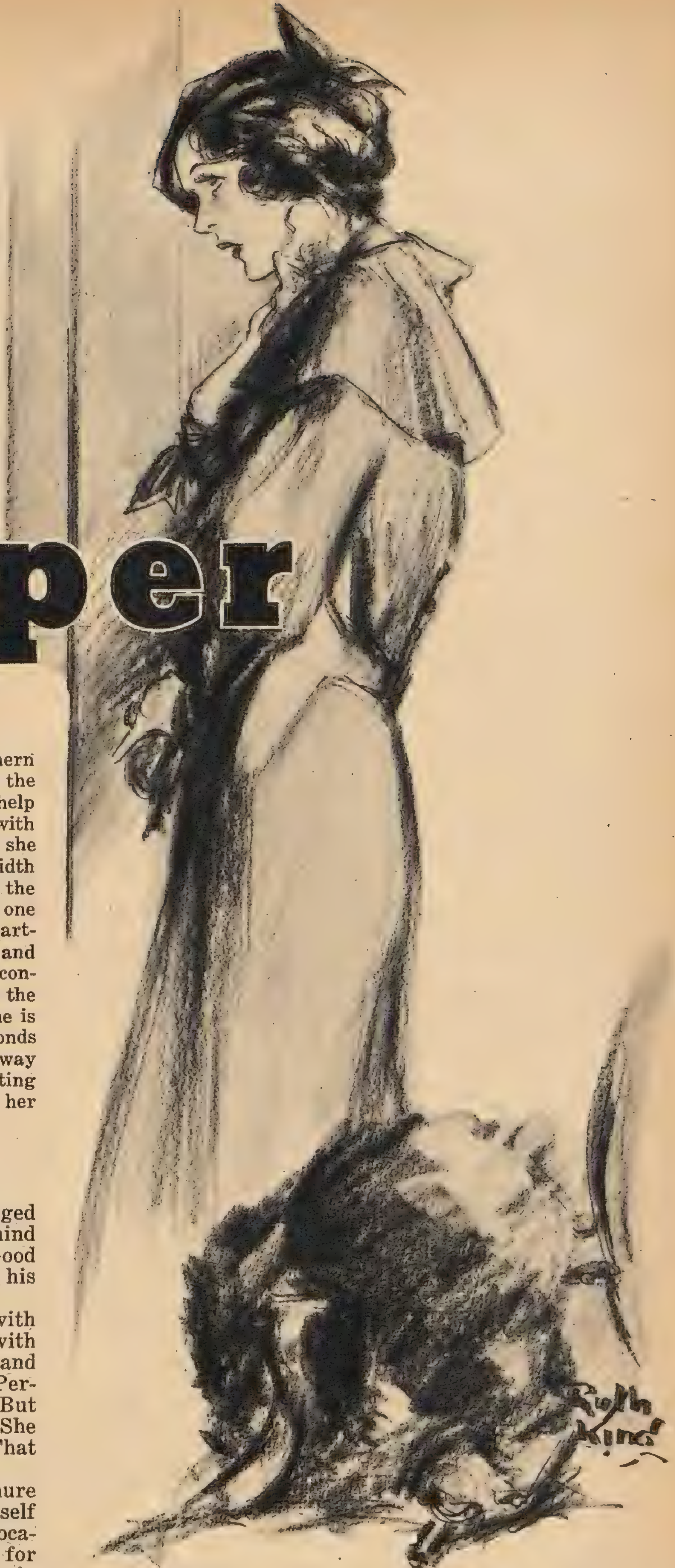
LUCY WARING, daughter of a small-town Southern clergyman whose health has failed, gets a job on the stage "doing gloomy things from the Norwegian" to help support him. This company fails and Lucy lands with a girl-and-music show where, to her mortification, she has a bit in which she appears in a fragmentary width of satin and two gold butterflies. Luke Lindsay, the company's well billed comedian, escorts her home one rainy night, and over pancakes and sausage in her apartment she tells him of her home life, her father, and Bruce, her home-town business-man fiancé. Lucy confesses her fear that people from back home will see the show and report to her father and neighbors what she is doing. Luke consoles her, and they part with the bonds of friendship tightened. The next night Lucy slips away quickly after the show, feeling that Luke will be waiting and sensing subconsciously that his sympathy for her holds a strong emotional appeal.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

IN her own room, Lucy heated milk and massaged her throat and undressed slowly, dragging her mind back from listening to every step on the stairs. "Good heavens," she scorned herself, "can I help it if his mother never learned to cook?"

Probably Luke was having supper at Tobin's with some of the society people who liked being seen with stage favorites. Probably he had forgotten her and her pancakes and her prudish little inhibitions. Perhaps he even thought her amusing, as Carita did. But she knew in her heart that this was not true. She had seen his eyes when the house applauded her. That way lay danger—and she belonged to Bruce.

Because she could not sleep she put on her demure spectacles and wrote a long letter. She made herself write the truth. No more evasions, no more equivocations. "I am now very wicked and so well paid for it that I am not even ashamed," she wrote. "I'm in the Midnight, doing a sort of adagio with the famous



ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH KING

by HELEN TOPPING MILLER

Luke Lindsay. He is long and bashful and has hungry eyes. I stand statuesquely pointing one toe and when you see me you'll probably fling open the door and turn me out into the night and the storm."

She wrapped herself in her coat and slipped out to poke the letter down the chute before she lost her courage. Bruce's eyes were so blue and level. Probably he would read between the airy lines of her confession. There was no compromise in Bruce. He knew exactly the sort of woman who would be permitted to live in that tall house behind the magnolias.

And she was certain that she cared. Oh, sure of it. She thought of Bruce so often. The way his hair sprang back, his quick nervous slender hands. It was her own conscience that made doubts trouble her now and then. If only his pride were not so stiff and unrelenting!

Then early in the morning a package came. She unwrapped it and found under tissue a little marble figurine, white and exquisite as a snowflake. Arms uplifted, poised on one toe, it reached eager fingers toward the luring of the wind. It was Beauty, caught in a fragile shell, frozen in an instant of pure ecstasy. No one but Luke Lindsay could have sent it.

She set it on the window sill with the morning sun behind it as she drank her coffee. Somehow in the challenge of its white purity she felt a touch of that groping wistfulness that remembered Luke's childish map of the world with Asia left out.

WHEN she met Luke in the wings that night, she said, "Thank you, friend!"

His eyes glowed and he saluted her with a little flick of the fingers as he bounced on the stage. She heard the laughter of the house and danced on happily, forgetting to search the rows of faces for a pair of disapproving eyes. She was a trouper; she was the little marble figure; she was Beauty handcuffed with a chain of gold.

"Hold 'em," whispered Luke admiringly, as the house applauded her.

But Lucy was frozen. Panic had her by the throat. The light flooding across that black gulf found and embraced her—and through its silver stream she looked straight down into the eyes of Bruce.

She flinched, and Luke, following her eyes, understood.

"Marble by Phidias!" he encouraged her huskily. But there was no courage in her. No marble, no beauty, no pride. Only a raw and suffering shame. She shivered and her teeth chattered audibly. She was only Lucy Waring, the parson's child, who had written sweet virginal little poems for the Guild of St. Agnes.

When the blackout freed her she flew up the iron stairs as though a thousand pointing fingers followed her. Her hands shook as she took her make-up off. Vainly she mustered all the brave arguments she had rehearsed so many times on sleepless nights. They sounded hollow and cheap, and blue fire from Bruce's eyes seemed to pierce them as though they were so many penny balloons.

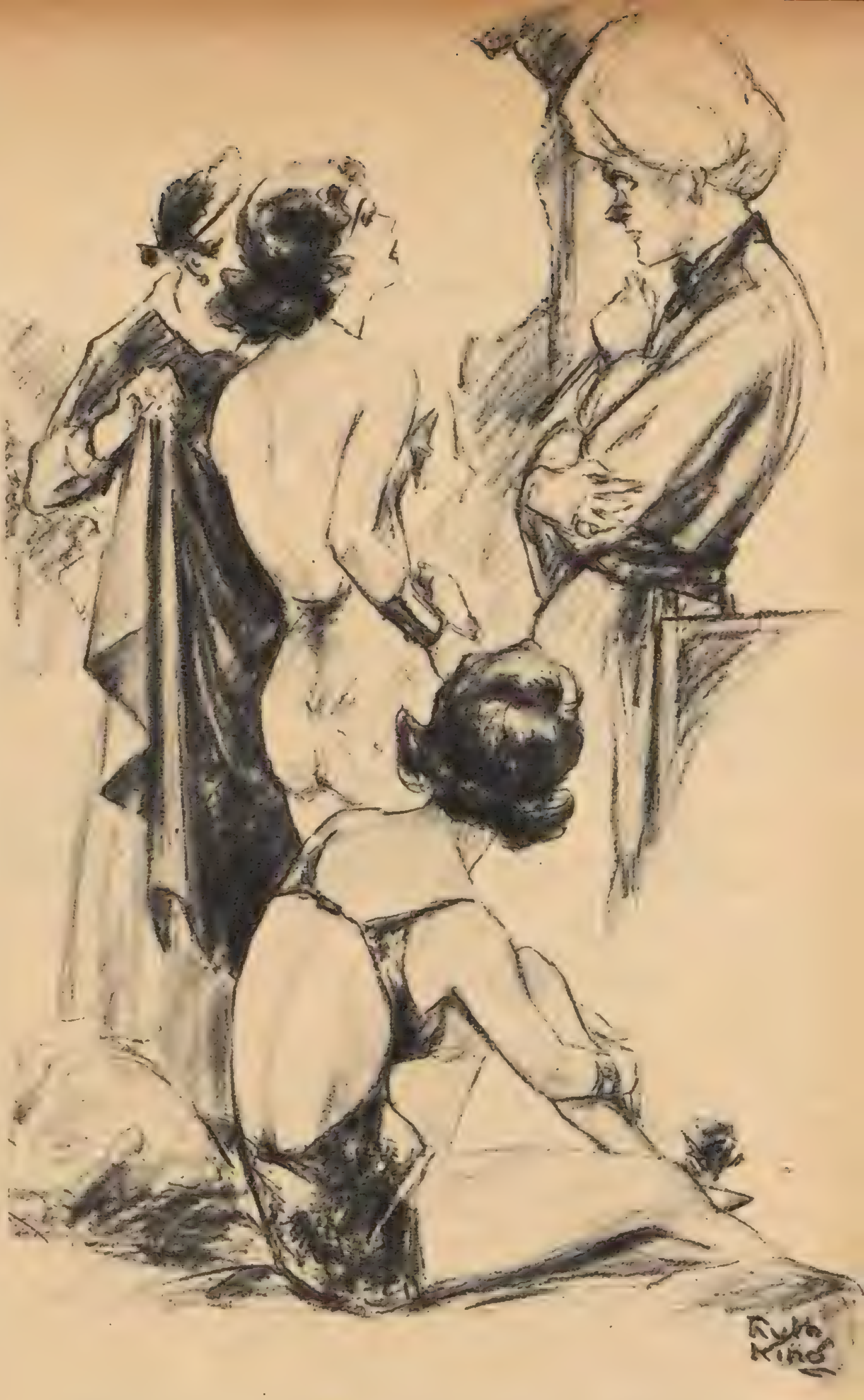
A decent girl would scrub floors on her knees; a decent girl would iron linen in a laundry—do anything rather than buy peace of mind for an old father in a market like this!

So many, many times she had flogged herself with these recriminations. So many times she had fended against their leaden blows with thin little reeds of justification. She had been alone in New York, she had been penniless except for the little that Ellin Jervis owed her and would probably never be able to pay. "You could have written to me," the imagined voice of Bruce was prone to reproach at this point. "I hadn't even a stamp," was the reply she had for that. "At least the Jervis woman would have supplied you with a stamp," the argument would go on.

And now the quarrel would be real. Now his eyes would sear her, his voice crackle with offended disapproval. If he came!

She dressed awkwardly, icy fingers fumbling at fastenings. Her little red hat went on with none of the airy bravado with which she had bought it. The desolate face beneath it made it only a hat.

She waited until the performance was ended, she waited a little after that, but Bruce did not come. The fan-dance girls went off with their tight-overcoated, derbied boy friends. Carita's mother, in dirty brown satin and wool gloves, waited at the stage door as usual. But there was no Bruce.



When she met Luke that night, she said, "Thank you, friend!"

Then Luke Lindsay came down.

"Bruce is here," Lucy told him in a wan voice.

"Then I suppose pancakes are out?"

She tried to be nonchalant. "Distinctly out."

"Well, here's luck!" he took her hand. "All the luck in the world!"

Again she said, "Thank you, friend," and went along the shining street, long blocks to the clacking surface car. Up three flights. Home.

And there was Bruce waiting outside her door.

He was smoking a cigarette, he had a new hat, he kissed her, and he was not, from his manner, either affronted or distressed.

"I saw your show," he said as he went in. "Left early—had an engagement with a rayon man who wants to buy linters."

His suit was new. He looked prosperous. His eyes were amiable and there was no condemnation in them—but neither was there any ardor in them. And Lucy saw, with a sick sinking, that something else too was gone. Something she had braced her tired spirit against as against a brick wall—respect!

Bruce looked at her as those derby-hatted lads looked at Billie and Terese. He was easy, he was too talkative, there was a flush on his face.

When she asked questions about home he gave her casual answers and objected, "Let's talk about us, Lu; we're nice people. Haven't seen you in months and you ask about Abbie Jeffrey. And how about a drink? Ever keep anything illegal in this flat?"

"Not a thing but maple syrup," laughed Lucy, producing the jug. This was not her Bruce. This was a small-town cotton merchant calling on a show girl. "You're different, Bruce," she said then. "You're like—somebody else."

"You're slightly altered yourself," he returned coolly. "You aren't specially interested in anthems any more, I judge—nor whether the Drama Society puts on Ibsen or something from the Russian."

"I'm working, Bruce. It's a job. I get a hundred dollars a week."

"At five fifty a seat they ought to do better than that."

She put the red hat on a shelf. "Shall I make some coffee? Or some sandwiches?"

"How about some hilarity?" he countered. "Know any good places?"

"I'm sorry. I've never been to any. I work late, and then I'm tired—but they are easy to find. I ought to put on another dress—"

"Oh, you look all right. Why don't you cut your hair again? All the girls down home are cutting theirs."

"Oh, it has to be long for this part. Look in the telephone book for the address of a good place, Bruce, while I powder a little."

"I thought all the adagio dancers spent their hard-earned savings in night clubs?" he said.

"Most of the adagio dancers I know are sending little brothers to school or paying for operations for their mothers or saving up to buy an interest in a dress shop. Most of that chorus-girl stuff is pure legend; the producers keep it going because it helps business."

THEY spent thirty dollars in a dull, smoky place where the music was poor, the dancing maudlin, and stupid people all about trying to drink themselves into a semblance of gayety. Never, in the scathing light of the revue, had Lucy felt herself so smirched by men's eyes as she felt now. Six months ago, she told herself with aching heaviness, Bruce would have taken her out of the place. But now he laughed at the unsubtle jokes, a slow red in his cheeks, his eyes too bright. And he looked at her as men look at women who are not their women—at show girls!

If only he would denounce her with flaming words! Anything was better than this indifferent acquiescence, his arm behind her shoulders in a taxi, his fingers beating a nervous tattoo on the window. Something had died—almost she could hear the faint weak flutter of golden wings as her dream died—and she had killed it. She had killed a dream for Bruce too, she suspected, destroyed something that was valiant and fine.

"I think I'll go home now, Bruce," she said humbly. "I'm always dead when the show's over. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Sorry," Bruce said lightly. "I have to go back tomorrow."

He would go back and forget her. He would go back and marry some other girl. A girl who would wear smart frocks and drive a little car downtown in the afternoons—Lucy's throat ached drearily as she let her imagination torment her.

And then they were back at her apartment house and everything was ended.

LUCY got out of the taxi slowly, trying to keep the warmth of Bruce's fingers, trying to remember that last handclasp forever, forever! He would not come back—she could never let him come back. She could not cheapen herself. The dream was dead, and you cannot trade a dead dream for something tinseled and tinkling, not when you have eyes like Lucy Waring's eyes.

She said good-by lightly; she said, "Write to me, Bruce. Tell me all the gossip about Abbie Jeffrey." She said, "Telephone Mrs. Millichamp, will you, Bruce—give my love to dad. He can't talk on the phone, poor darling, he forgets he's talking and hangs up."

But for Bruce, things were not finished. "What are you doing?" he demanded. "Getting rid of me? I'm not going—I'm coming up."

Lucy cramped cold. There was a look in his eyes—an ugly look. She burned under it, felt a jerk of fear. She opened the door at the foot of the stairs quickly; she gasped out, "No, Bruce—no!" And there was Luke Lindsay—waiting.

Instantly Bruce's lips drew back in a sneer. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't know I was interfering with a previous engagement!"

There was a queer savage instant of silence, then a low snarl from Luke's throat. His arm flew out—and Lucy pressed against the cold brick of the wall, biting her own knuckles, while two men struck and gasped and muttered horrible profanity—fighting over her!

She saw Bruce's hat roll into the street, she heard the tinkle of crystal as Luke's watch flew from his wrist—then she ran upstairs breathlessly and into her own room, shutting the door, pressing her body against it as though she would bar out the horrid confusion and disgrace that had suddenly spewed up through the pale crust of her life.

She stood there for a long five minutes, silent sobs tearing her throat, her limbs rigid, her heart a straining ache. A bus grumbled by, a street cleaner passed, the feet of his horse clopping hollowly on the pavement. But there were no other sounds from below.

Then she heard steps coming, very slowly, up the stairs.

She opened the door. Bruce stood there.

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The pain in her throat broke into a million piercing fragments. Sobs jerked past her tight-held lips. Tears burned her eyes. Bruce's collar was torn. There was a bruise on his cheek. But his eyes were wistful.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm a hound. I came up to tell you."

Luke had made him come, she knew then. She waited, controlling her shaking hands.

"It's all right, Bruce. It was inevitable, wasn't it? You're not to blame."

But Bruce's mouth was twisting. He threw back his head. "I love you, Lu," he said. "I'm not worth loving. I'll go if you tell me to—but I do love you."

A little tremor, half ice, half flame, ran over the girl. She had been steel so long. Marble freezing, to hide a flinching heart. Now she was suddenly woman—Lucy Waring, who could wear the sweet little hats that Abbie Jeffrey made. She lifted her head—she took one step forward, almost over the threshold of that tall proud house behind the magnolias.

And then, even in that moment, her eyes found the little marble figure on the window sill.

Arms outflung, the white fragile form seemed to be looking down into the black empty streets—into the loneliness of New York!

SHE knew then that she could not do it. Here was something too precious, too holy to be thrown away. Luke believed in her. He had set her upon an altar and made her burn candles of faith before her own spirit. He loved her— Oh, she knew! And now suddenly, with Bruce standing contritely before her, she knew that she loved Luke—that she had loved his gentleness, his understanding, his trust in her since the beginning of the world. She drew a long breath and felt herself somehow lifted into an atmosphere where Bruce would perish. Security, pride, established comfort became as nothing measured against this new fine glory.

"I'm sorry, Bruce," she said quietly. "We're both changed. We've both been in love with people who don't exist any more. Fortunately we've found it out—in time."

"See here, Lu—you aren't telling me you're through? You know I love you—"

"Do you, Bruce? I wonder!"

He faltered, his eyes down. "I told you I was sorry. I asked you to forgive me."

"I forgave you long ago, Bruce. But—there's no going back. There's no putting dreams together again—after they're wrecked. You'll find somebody else—somebody new. Good-by."

"Lu—you can't treat me like this! I've told you I was sorry. I love you, Lu—"

"Love," said Lucy Waring quietly, "believes—always! Good-by, Bruce."

He went away then. Lucy sat on the edge of a chair, her hat in her hand, looking thinly at nothing. She was tired. She wanted to cry. Her heart ached and her eyes were like fire and there was a hollow place where a dream had been torn away, deep in her, and tears were slowly filling it, a bitter pool.

Then there was a light rap on the door. She opened it. And Luke Lindsay was there.

"I've ruined everything," he announced without preamble, "and I only wanted to be your friend."

She shook her head dully. She would, she thought, be shut in forever by this frozen wall of pain.

"You didn't ruin anything," she said. "It was dead already."

"I shouldn't have come," he said. "It was a brainless thing to do. But you looked so frightened and so worried—I couldn't sleep—I had to be sure—"

"Don't bother," she said heavily. "It would have happened anyway. I think I've known—all along—that it had to happen."

Suddenly the pain in her throat became intolerable agony. She laid her head against the back of the chair and let sobs rack her. Her heart seemed to be breaking up, as ice goes out of a long-locked river. She was so utterly, horribly lonely.

And then Luke Lindsay had her in his arms.

"You're breaking my heart," he said gustily. "I can't stand it. I've got no right to love you—and I do love you. I love you so much it hurts like the devil! You're so fine—and so true—and I'm not fit to look at you—"

She lifted her face. There was an anguish of entreaty in his eyes—and then suddenly a great blinding glory.

"Love me, Luke," she said. "Please love me."

He kissed her humbly. "I'm not fit to love you!" he protested. "But God knows I do. I love you—and I'm nothing but an old trouper—"

"But, Luke," she cried happily, "Luke—I'm an old trouper too!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **ON OUR WAY** by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The John Day Company.
A statement of the meaning of one dramatic year in the history of the United States by the man who wrote the drama and played the leading part.

★ ★ ★ **SEVEN GOTHIC TALES** by Isak Dinesen. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.
Fantastic tales out of tune with their age, but fit to delight all those with understanding hearts.

★ ★ ★ **A GOLDEN HIGHWAY** by C. B. Glasscock. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Read and yearn. You'll want to roll the family flivver over the olden, golden trail of the California '49ers after this.

★ ★ ★ **TWO LOVES I HAVE** by Clara Longworth de Chambrun. J. B. Lippincott Company.
A fascinating story of Shakespeare's two loves, told with a lyrical style that holds from start to finish. The characters live and breathe once more in the pages of this romantic history. A well drawn picture of the great playwright and of the gay era in which he lived.

★ ★ **AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE** by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
After Worlds Collide, sequel to When Worlds Collide, is a novel of the survivors of Doomsday. It is a story filled with a new kind of emotional adventure and heroism and human conflicts and reactions in a strange, unexplored environment. This is a fine example of the modern imaginative story. Well done. If you enjoyed When Worlds Collide, you will like this book.

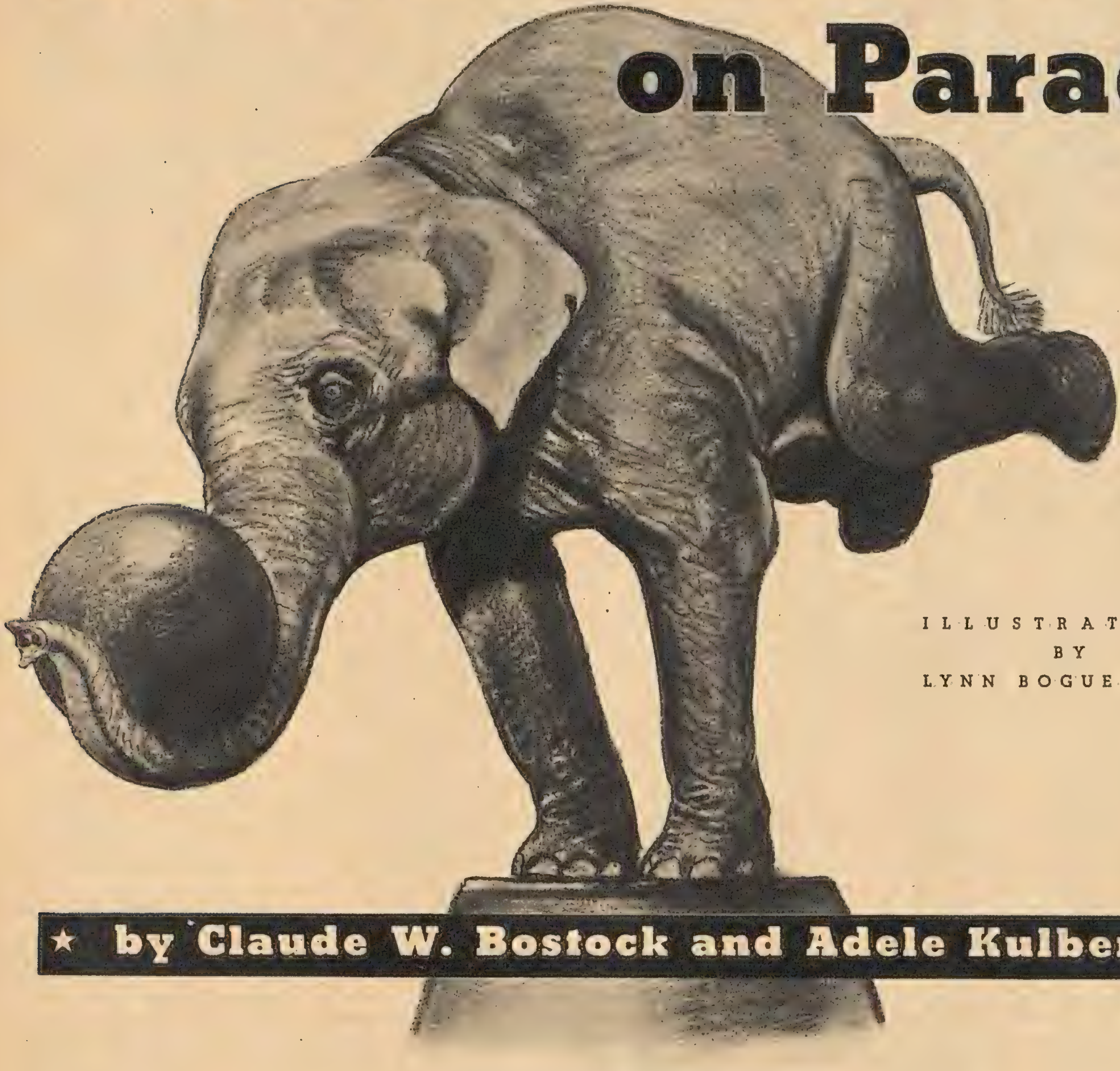
★ ★ **TENDER IS THE NIGHT** by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Wealthy Americans, mostly neurotics, against a European background, with tense interest sustained to the last chapter.

★ ★ **THE ROMANCE OF LABRADOR** by Sir Wilfred Grenfell. The Macmillan Company.
With a land as his hero, this graphic missionary writes a novel that is at once true and exciting.

★ ★ **THE GORGEOUS HUSSY** by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Company.
A grand tale; don't miss it.

★ ★ **NITCHEY TILLEY** by Roy Helton. Harper & Brothers.
Mountain boy and girl in New York, told with poetry and pity.

ELEPHANTS on Parade



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
LYNN BOGUE HUNT

★ by Claude W. Bostock and Adele Kulberg ★

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

JOLLY, the capricious; Lizzie, affectionate and vindictive; Queenie, the epicure; Lady, five tons of heroism—African elephants, Indian elephants, white elephants, wild elephants, tame elephants—all have passed in glamorous review since 1805, when George Wombwell established the first of the Bostock & Wombwell shows—a mighty procession of elephants on parade!

The evening show was over. The crowd had gone home. Among the animals, warned by their jungle instinct of danger, there was increasing unrest. Suddenly, leaping flames began hungrily devouring Bostock's Baltimore Zoo; scarlet tongues licked the black sky. Evidently the fire had been smoldering for some time, started, perhaps, by a defective electric wire; the exact cause was never known. The heat was intolerable, the fire uncontrollable, and most of the animals perished, in spite of desperate efforts to save them. We thought all the show people were out alive, until the wife of one of our trainers appeared, hysterical, shrieking that her ten-year-old boy, my playmate, was still in the burning building.

Three of the show attendants struggled with the frantic mother to prevent her from leaping into certain death in a hopeless attempt to rescue her son. An excited shout went up. We turned quickly. Astonished, we saw Lady, our largest elephant, whom we believed had perished, burst through a wall and streak out from the raging inferno. She was wrapped in burning canvas, but in her trunk she was carrying the youngster, carefully shielding him with her trunk and head. Frightfully seared, Lady gently dropped the boy, miraculously unharmed, at the feet of his mother.

I was little more than a child at that time myself, but

It's Dramatically True that the Pachyderms Never Forget, Says a Famous Menagerie Proprietor—and Proves It

LYNN BOGUE HUNT

Treated well or badly, an elephant never forgets.

Lady's heroism in that holocaust created in me an affection for these huge lumbering beasts that remains with me to this day.

Elephants have always symbolized in the minds of people a menagerie or circus since the earliest days of this type of entertainment. George Wombwell, who was my great-granduncle, established the Wombwell Royal Menagerie in 1805. He was one of the real pioneers in menageries and had the first trained wild animal show in the world. After the death of Wombwell his niece married James Bostock, my grandfather, who had been agent in advance for the menagerie, and the royal show carried on as Bostock & Wombwell's.

Now and again the trite remark that " sometimes animals seem just like human beings "—a comment the animals have been decent enough not to resent actively—is justified. Among animals, as among human beings, some stand out as definite personalities; have what we term " color." Foremost in this class was Jolly, a born clown—lovable, loyal, and lively. Jolly was particularly restless at night, and the attendants, to insure quiet, would, when escorting him back from his daily exercise, stop at the various stalls along Surf Avenue, Coney Island, to give him a bucket of beer. With more generosity than discretion, they allowed him to quaff from the tubs into which the stall keepers tossed the overflow from keg or glass.

There was a warm Saturday night. In the gathering dusk Coney twinkled as though it had borrowed the stars. Revelry reigned, and its seductive voice reached the large waving ears of Jolly, the male lead in the elephant chorus at Dreamland. He envisioned thousands of beer buckets. The temptation for a spree was overpowering. He pulled out his leg stake and with high heart set forth to conduct himself where previously he had been conducted. Later, a huge gray form might have been detected making its unsteady way from one stall to another. Jolly drank deeply and often, for to him it was all " on the house."

PEERING mistily at the bright lights, Jolly directed his unruly legs down Surf Avenue, trumpeting gayly and brushing aside spectators and sidewalk attractions. The attendants finally found him wending his uncertain way home, pausing now and then to lean against telegraph poles. Jolly was a very sick elephant.

The veterinary was hastily summoned, and vowed that he'd " damn' well cure that elephant " of his taste for tippling. He mixed a powerful emetic and gave Jolly a liberal dose. The doctor stopped in a day or two later and was greeted with a bellow of rage from Jolly. Never again could that vet approach anywhere near the building, and if he had to come to the show to treat other animals the attendants had to take Jolly out for a walk. The prodigal regarded the doctor with the jaundiced eye of a wet voter viewing a dry Congressman.

Of all wild animals, elephants are probably the most kindly toward us. Shown the slightest decency in treatment, an elephant is your friend. He is unafraid of man or beast, and is regarded with awe and fear by most other animals.

Yet the gentleness of these gray giants is amazing. Children love them and they love children.

My experiences have shown that, treated well or badly, an elephant never forgets—a further indication of his superior animal intelligence. Dogs have good memories, but their mental prowess is not to be compared with that of elephants.

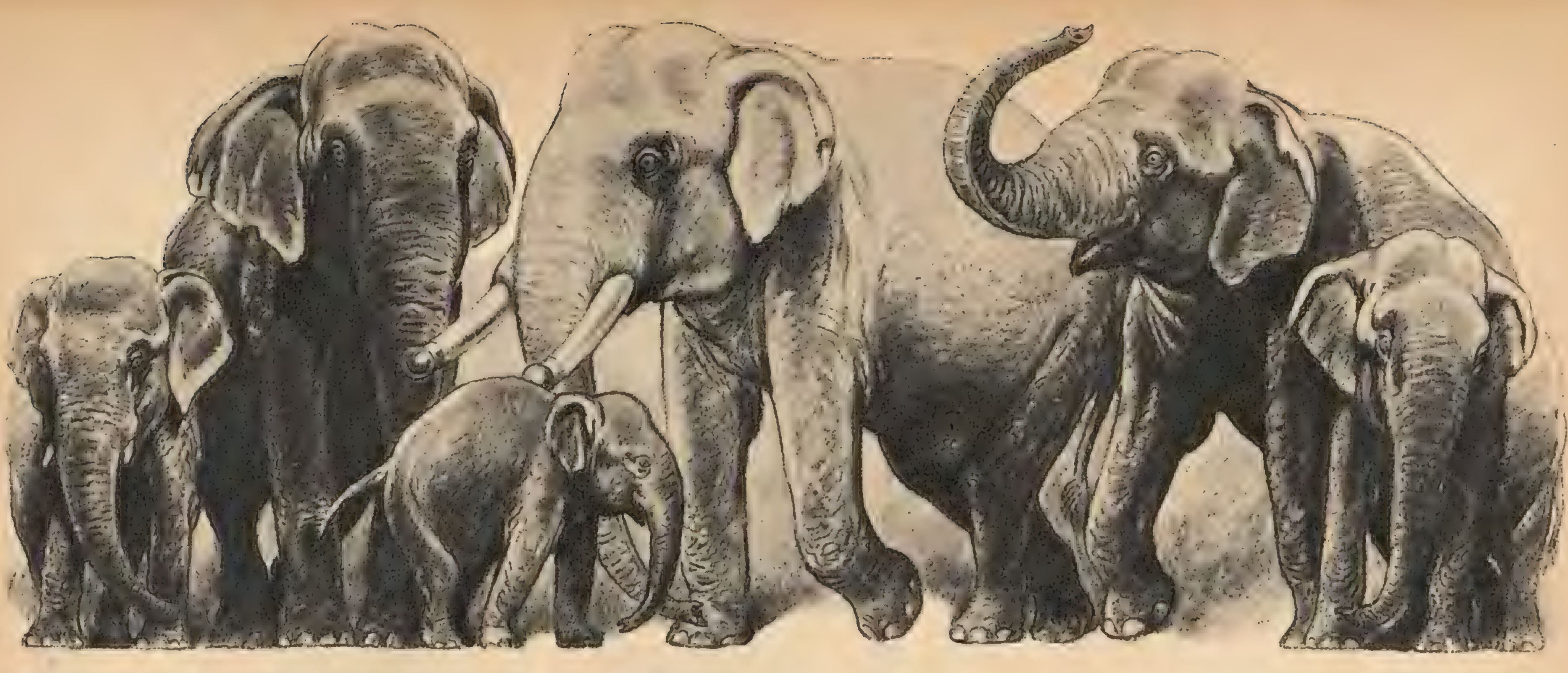
IN Tenbury, England, in April, 1875, Wombwell's famous African elephant Lizzie contracted a severe case of colic. A druggist in the town brought over his own pet formula for colic and it worked. Lizzie was again a well and happy elephant.

Four years later the menagerie played the same town, and, as usual, a colorful parade marched through the main streets. Among the crowds was the druggist who had been so helpful with his quick colic cure. Bands blared. Intense as was the natural excitement of the crowd, it increased almost to the point of panic when Lizzie stepped out of the line of march and went direct to the druggist, gently caressed him with her trunk, and gave a friendly " hello " in the form of a loud " honk." An elephant never forgets.

But he remembers an injury as well as a kindness. The same Lizzie, affectionate and harmlessly mischievous, would often during a parade snatch the hat or cap off the head of a surprised citizen. Once she reached playfully for a pair of trousers held by the local tailor who had just emerged from his shop with the trousers and needle for a quick look at the parade. The tailor, first frightened, then angry, rammed his needle into Lizzie's trunk, incidentally the most sensitive part of an elephant's anatomy.

Poor Liz suffered excruciating agony until attendants removed the needle. Eight years later Lizzie, in another parade, spotted what to her was a familiar store. She crashed into it and threw her trunk quickly around a man there, slamming him to the ground with terrific force, and crushing him to death under one of her immense feet. The victim, of course, was " the man with the needle." Lizzie had remembered.

On numerous occasions a number of people have asked me if there really is such a thing as a " white " elephant, and if I have ever seen one, to which I can truthfully reply yes.



Shown decency in treatment, an elephant is your friend.

There was attached to the show Queenie, an elephant who loved sweets, particularly buns. A small boy rushed out of his father's bakery as the parade was in progress in a small town and offered her a sweet bun. Queenie followed the astounded lad into the shop, carrying most of the front in with her.

When she again emerged she had covered herself completely with flour. In the great flurry of excitement we gazed upon a "white" elephant then.

An amusing elephant story was told to me by my father, James W. Bostock, in which a dead elephant proved to be a bigger attraction than a live one.

CLAUDE W. BOSTOCK *of the fourth generation of the renowned Bostock family, was born and raised among wild animals. He knows more today about jungle denizens than probably any other living man.*

George Wombwell was touring the north of England early in the nineteenth century and received word that Atkins, his most serious competitor, was advertising that his outfit would be the only wild-animal show at the famous Bartholomew Fair. Professional rivalry was acute and the Wombwell show "posted" to London, playing en route nothing but one-night stands.

On the opening day of the fair, Wombwell's fine elephant died as a result of the forced march, and Atkins was the happiest man in Britain. He immediately advertised that his show had the only live elephant at the fair. Wombwell, a smart showman, was undaunted. He ballyhooed his show as exhibiting the only *dead* elephant in all of England. The reaction of the public was incredible. Curious thousands flocked to Wombwell's menagerie while Atkins played to empty seats.

Certain circuses and carnivals have made it difficult for reputable organizations. In various parts of the country, principally in smaller towns, people, after many unfortunate experiences, consider a circus as nothing but a gang of rogues and "clip" artists.

THAT was the feeling of a group of cowboys who stopped our train a few miles from a little prairie town where we were scheduled to make a stay of one week.

"Keep movin', pardner," the deputy sheriff said to my father. "We ain't askin' for no entertainin'."

My father explained that the Bostock outfit had never once been accused of any crookedness; to the contrary, Bostock was well known and respected for having driven crooks and charlatans off the lot. But the cow hands disregarded what he said and the arguments waxed hotter. Despite their threats, we moved in and pitched our tents.

Our show went on unmolested throughout the week, but on "pulling-down" night the same deputy sheriff galloped up with a dozen cowboys and demanded Jim Flanagan, one of our boss canvas men. Jim, he said, was a "disturber of the peace."

My father refused to give up Flanagan, knowing he was guiltless.

"You turn him over in thirty minutes, or we'll shoot up your damn' outfit," was the deputy's ultimatum.

"Better think twice about that," my father answered calmly. "We know how to shoot, too." Incidentally, every one connected with a wild-animal show is an expert marksman, of necessity, because of the constant danger of an animal suddenly going haywire and possibly attacking performers or spectators.

MY father's remark meant nothing to the deputy and his crowd of riders. Half an hour later the cowboys, behind sheltering shacks, began peppering us with lead. When one of our roustabouts was struck in the shoulder, we fired. Midnight came and the moon looked down on a real battle. Eight of our men had been shot and double that number of cowboys must have been hit.

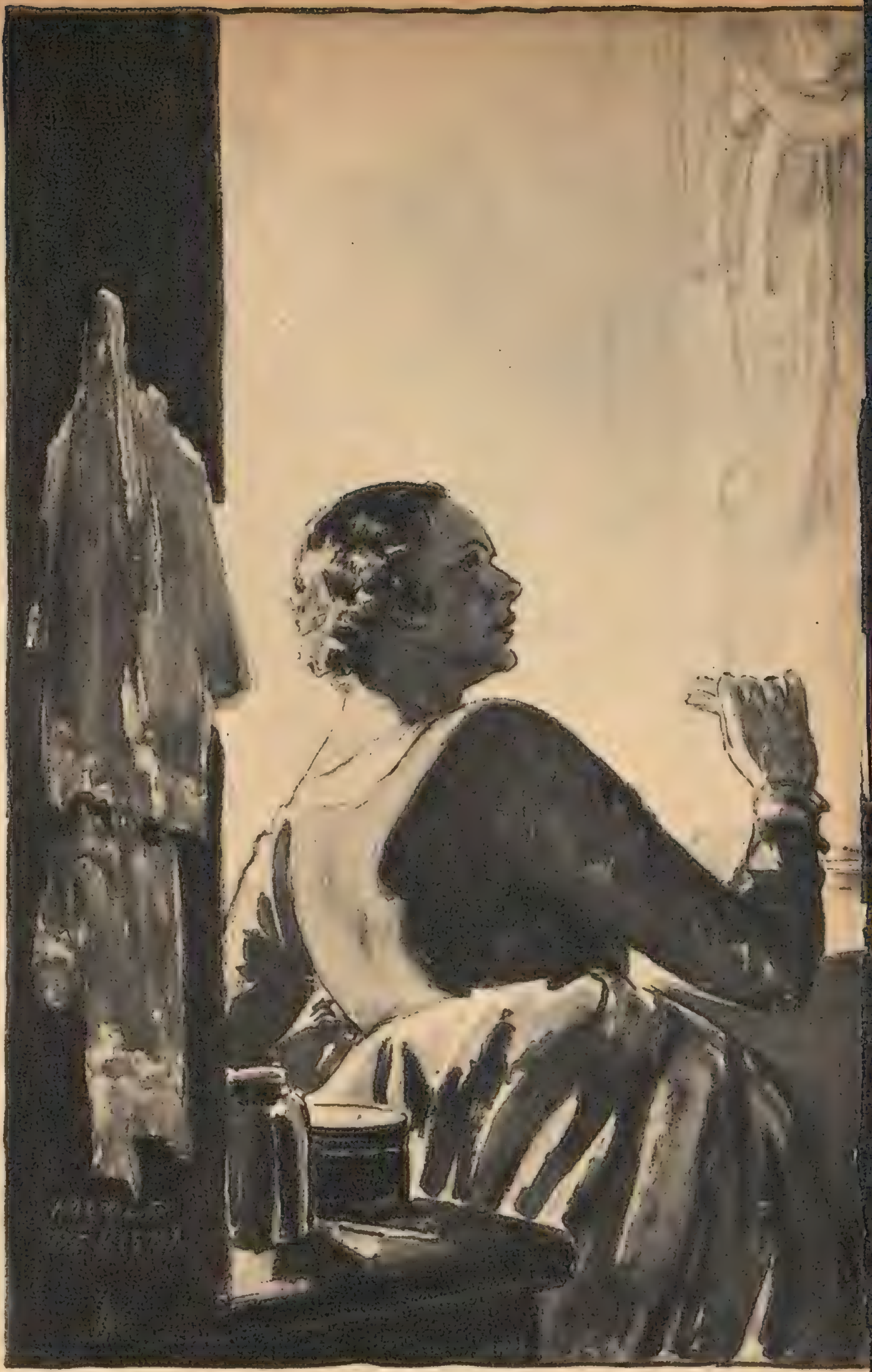
But the battle took an unexpected turn. Frightened by the shouting and shooting, Titan, leader of the elephants, who had been made ready for the march to the train to take us to our next stop, went into full stampede. Trumpeting shrilly, he charged, followed by the entire herd. The cowboys pumped lead furiously at them, but the bullets merely ricocheted off their tough hides.

There was a rather amusing episode in that wild charge. One of the elephants smashed through the side of a store as if it were made of paper. Hardly slackening his mad pace, he picked up a bright-green bowl of the type with which druggists used to decorate their windows, and, breaking all Olympic records for hurling the discus, sent it sailing through the night. I still think he thought it was a traffic light!

The cowboys scattered and fled. But the elephants kept on at terrific speed (the elephant is not the slow poke you might think he is), demolishing everything before them. Wooden shacks and stores were battered to the ground as, heads down, the herd crashed through any obstacles in its path. The impromptu warfare was abruptly ended. In the distance, Titan trumpeted a shrill pæan of victory.

THE END

Bill came over brazenly and put his arm around her. "Oh," he said, "hurry up those bacon and eggs."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

Marooned on an Island, Hungry, in Love with a Girl Who Won't Listen—It Sounds Like a Desperate Plight for a Man; But Sometimes, as in This Sparkling Story, the Unexpected Happens

Vacation for

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

AWAY back in Sallie's childhood the bridge had been built. Almost every winter and almost every spring some one prophesied that it would go out. It was a long wooden affair from the island to the nearest point on the river bank. From that end it was three miles by a dirt road to Beldon, a sleepy little town consisting of a general store and a garage and a hostelry.

Three families owned the island when they first put up summer houses after the bridge was built. The Pritchards possessed all the far side. They never finished more than a shack. Up from the bridge on the right was the Hamilton place, two stories with a stone fireplace. The Sayre bungalow was on the left, a long low rambling gray cottage.

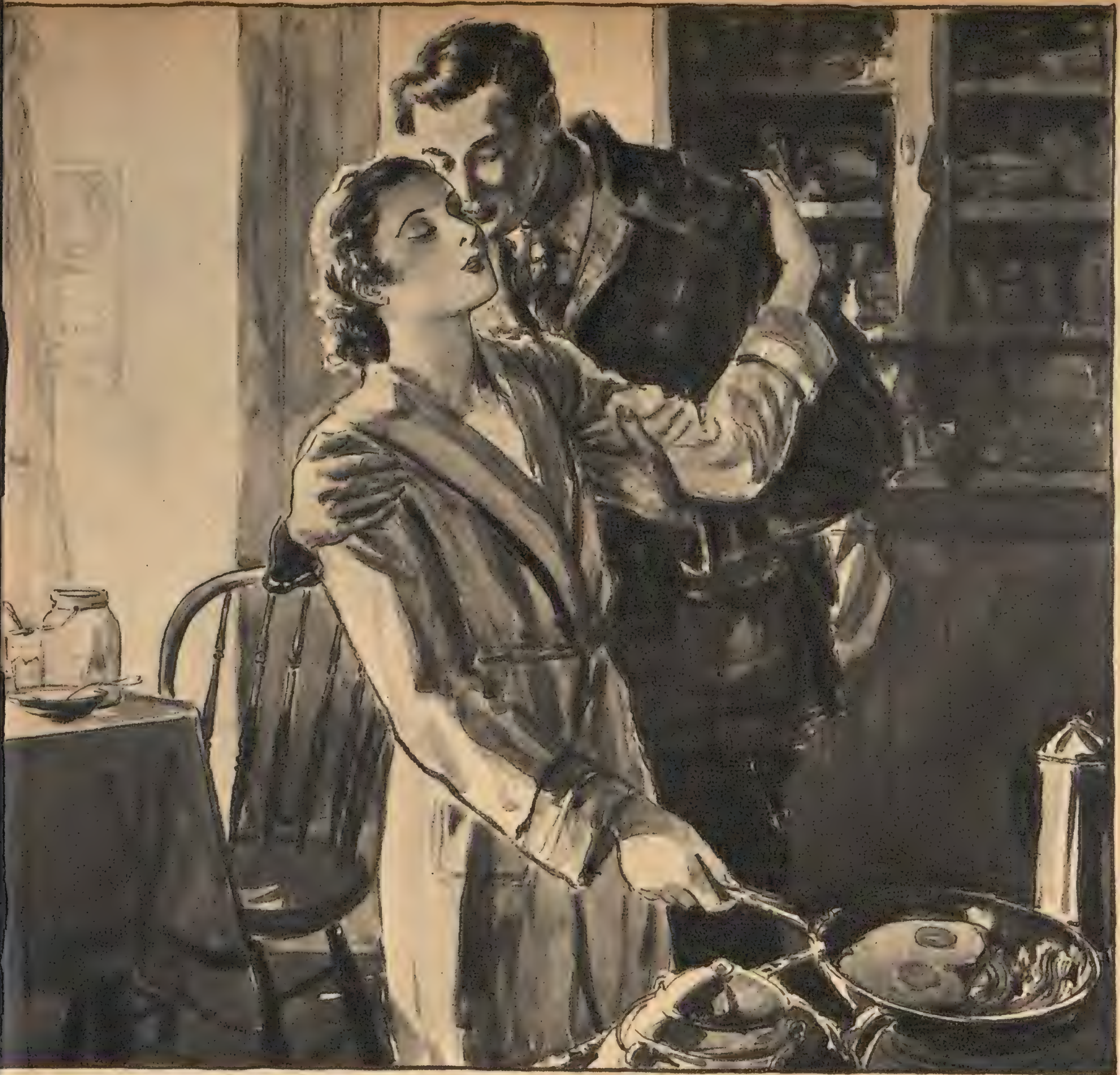
Even in those far-off days the independent young Sayres had been wont to sit up on their back fence and taunt young Bill Hamilton with being tied to his mother's apron strings.

In the period between the building of the bridge and its demise a good many changes took place in the three families. The Pritchards, having moved East, were not heard from again. A real-estate agent hung a "For Sale" sign on the premises.

Both the Hamiltons and the Sayres lived in the nearest city, some hundred miles away. But they hadn't even met for years. The Hamiltons spent their vacations in more fashionable spots.

The Sayres, after Sallie's father died, kept their share of the island for the simple reason that they couldn't sell it and for several years back they couldn't afford to go anywhere else. They always had the place to themselves. The cottage was well built, and they kept it stocked with canned goods.

This particular spring, Sallie, who worked in the book department at Alcott's, was taking her vacation early, and planned to go up to the island with her Uncle Tim. She was driving Uncle Tim's car up from town, and he had promised to meet her in Beldon Monday, on his return from a business trip in Canada.



Three

by FLORENCE BRENT THOMPSON

Sallie hadn't seen Bill Hamilton since she was twelve and he was fifteen. She had followed his career through school and college via the morning paper, and she knew that now, a rising young insurance broker, he was considered a highly eligible young man, much featured by the Junior Leaguers. For that reason, on the fair Monday morning he came past her counter looking for a copy of The Chinese Situation in Jehol, a stubborn pride kept her from reminding him that she was something out of his youth.

BILL turned up on Tuesday to buy a book on the export trade to the Pacific, and on Wednesday he lingered through the noon hour discussing the merits of Manchuria, the New State. He had grown into a large young man who wore his gray tweeds remarkably well; he had a shock of sandy hair, a faintly diffident manner, and an outrageously likable grin. Sallie noticed that her hands got cold every time she saw him coming down the aisle, and her knees began to tremble.

But on Friday his mother had come along just as Bill was making a date for that night. Mrs. Hamilton didn't recognize Sallie. But she was clever enough to know that anybody so pretty was apt to prove a menace and also to see that her son was showing entirely too much interest.

"She said," Sallie reported to her family next morning, "'Young woman, I don't see how you expect to sell books here if you don't have what people want.'"

"Did she get Bill away?" asked Anne.

"Did she get him *away!*" said Sallie. "He almost fell over himself to go." And, she might have added, he had *not* appeared last night to keep the date.

"But he was probably afraid his mother would make a scene right there," said Caroline. "Sallie, honey, I've heard she is terrible."

"Bill was rather nice as a small boy," Mrs. Sayre said. "Though I remember once he shut Anne up in the cellar when they were playing Indian and cut off some of her lovely hair."

"The only daring thing he ever did," Sallie scoffed.

"All right," he suggested. "Ready?" He flung open the door.

"Oh, Sallie—he wasn't so bad!" Anne protested. "Of course he did rather give in to his mother. But he was an only child. And I believe she had a bad heart."

"She still has!" shouted Caroline. "A bold bad heart!"

They laughed uproariously, and mother looked at the clock. "Sallie!" she warned. "It's after eight."

Sallie went for her hat and coat.

"When you get up to Jed's Island next week," Anne called after her, "you can make faces at the Hamilton cottage over our back fence."

"I'm not going up to make faces," said Sallie with dignity. "I'm going for a rest."

"A rest!" hooted Mary. "You'll have to cook your own meals. And the island this time of year—"

"It's spring," said Sallie, appearing in the doorway.

"Spring!" scoffed Anne. "Remember *last* May. It rained. And the river came up until it's a wonder the bridge didn't go out."

Mother looked a little worried. But of course no one really took that seriously about the bridge. People had been saying it would go out for years.

SALLIE encountered Bill Hamilton that morning on her way to work.

"Do you always go to work so late?" he asked. "I've been patrolling this district for an hour."

"That," said Sallie, "must be hard on the insurance business."

"No," he grinned. "Not particularly."

They moved into the block that held Alcott's Department Store, and Bill realized he wasn't making much headway. So he struck in boldly:

"This is Saturday. How about dinner with me tonight and going some place to dance?"

Sallie shook her head.

"Look here," he said. "About last night—"

"You didn't come, did you?" said Sallie.

"How could I come," he said warmly, "when I didn't know where you lived? I meant to get back to the store to find out, but I—got hung up."

Yes, thought Sallie; his mother would see to that.

"Sorry," she said firmly. "I can't go tonight."

"How about Monday?"

"I'm going on my vacation Monday."

"Isn't it early in the year for a vacation?"

"Yes. But we aren't so busy now. Besides, if I get up to the island—"

"The island!" he whooped. Sallie bit her lip. She hadn't meant to let that slip. "That's it," he said. "I knew I'd seen you before. You're one of the Sayres who used to be up on the island with us! You're Anne—no, you're Mary."

"I'm Sallie," she said ominously—"the one who bit you once when you had something I wanted."

"O. K. You're Sallie." He grinned. "I can see your disposition hasn't changed much. Will you go to dinner with me tomorrow?"

Sallie gritted her teeth. "No," she said. "I won't go to dinner with you tomorrow." Bill flushed.

"And if you come in today to buy another book," she warned him, "I'll get some one else to wait on you. I might even," she said maliciously, "telephone your mother."

Bill slowly turned a brick-red. He gave a curt nod in her direction, and turned and strode off down the street. Sallie went on into Alcott's, feeling curiously deflated.

On Monday she was splashing along toward the island in her Uncle Tim's car. It had begun to rain soon after she started out. At Beldon, where she was to meet Uncle Tim, there was no sign of him.

"When does the next train get in?" she inquired at the store. "Uncle Tim was supposed to meet me here."

"There aren't any more trains tonight, Miss Sallie," said the storekeeper.

Sallie, of two minds whether to go on over to the island or to wait in Beldon for her Uncle Tim, drove across to the Inn to see if she could reach him by telephone. She got out of her car and, head down against the rain, started to run up the steps, and barely missed colliding with a young man at the top. She stared at him incredulously.

"Bill!"

BILL HAMILTON almost had his arms around her to keep her from running into him. He withdrew them stiffly and began to flush.

"I didn't follow you up here," he said. "Mother had to get some things from the island. We expected to go back tonight, but it's raining so hard we may stay overnight."

"How long you stay," said Sallie coldly, "doesn't make the slightest difference to me."

There was a little silence. They stood on the Inn porch, quite close together. In a sudden panic, she looked up. He was staring at her curiously. "Doesn't it, Sallie?" he said.

She caught her breath uncertainly. She had the absurd delicious feeling that everything would be all right, now and forever, if she could have Bill's arms around her. Unconsciously they moved closer together.

The door from the Inn opened violently, and Mrs. Hamilton came out. Mrs. Hamilton was irritated just now by the weather, but more irritated to discover her son Bill with the very girl she had ensnared him out of the city to avoid.

"Really," she said, "there doesn't seem to be any way to get away from you."

Sallie stepped back, her face crimson.

Bill said, "Mother—for Pete's sake!"

"You have the wrong idea," Sallie told Mrs. Hamilton clearly. She carefully avoided looking at Bill. "You think I followed you up here. Well, I didn't. It was my idea in the first place. And as for Bill—I don't even like your son," Sallie said firmly. "I think your son—is a nincompoop."

She lifted her chin; Mrs. Hamilton seemed vaguely startled; Bill stared at Sallie blankly.

After a moment he spoke.

"What was that word, Sallie?" he asked her.

Sallie turned and fled. She went into the Inn and buried herself in the phone booth, from which she emerged, still considerably shaken, with the reassuring news that Uncle Tim had started to drive down with a Mr. Ted Moore and eventually he ought to arrive. When she came out the Hamiltons had gone. Sallie stayed around for a while, and then decided to go on over to the island. It would be more comfortable and she needn't see the Hamiltons.

There was a pile of water going by under the bridge as she crossed over to the island. On the other side she saw a light in the Hamilton house. Smoke was curling up from the chimney. A gray rainy evening was closing in.

Sallie unlocked the Sayre bungalow. She got a fire going in the living room, and bustled about getting supper ready, glad the kitchen was on the side of the house away from the Hamiltons'.

The storm got worse. Several times she went to the side door to look out for Uncle Tim. Surely he'd get through some way!

She went to sleep before the fire in the living room, and woke in the morning so stiff she could hardly move. It was still raining.

When she went into the bedroom to comb her hair, from the window she saw the Hamiltons come out and get into their car to go away. Bill didn't look in her direction. They backed out of the shed and started down the road.

Five minutes later they were back. They seemed to be talking a lot. This time Bill did look once in her direction—a rather fleeting glance. He ran the car back into the shed, and took the bags back inside.

At ten o'clock she went out and got into her car. She meant to find out what had happened to Uncle Tim, and if she couldn't locate him she was going home.

The first thing she noticed was that some one had put a log across the road.

And then she looked beyond to where the bridge should be—and saw it wasn't there! The current had widened considerably. It was almost twice as far from the island to the river bank as it had been.

The island was high; she wasn't afraid they would be flooded. Uncle Tim would arrive today, and he'd discover the bridge was out and get a boat somewhere to come over to rescue them.

She turned her car around and drove back to the house.

ALL day Tuesday it rained. It rained also on Wednesday. The river came up somewhat, but not alarmingly. No one resembling Uncle Tim, or any one else appeared on the river bank to suggest he might come forth with a boat. Across on their own side of the fence, the Hamiltons pursued their evidently tranquil way, making no overtures. On her side of the fence, Sallie smoldered.

Someway she couldn't believe this of Bill. Any one with backbone would come over to see that she was all right when they were marooned on an island together. They'd have to know she was there. They could see her smoke rising bravely out of the chimney.

Well, she was through being crazy about Bill. This cured her. She never wanted to see him again! When Uncle Tim got through with his boat, she was going to ask him to take the Hamiltons to shore first, then come back for her.

Tuesday evening she spread a lordly meal out on the kitchen table, without much enthusiasm for eating it. Once, looking around quickly, she thought she saw some one move outside her window. But she must have been mistaken. It was dark and rainy outside. She stopped for a moment and listened, and there were the half hundred little sounds that seem to come in an empty house; but she sorted them all out as the rain outside and the cheerful rattle of the wood stove.

A good many times during the day she went out to the shed to get wood to keep her kitchen fire going. There had been some split, but she noticed it seemed to last pretty well. In the afternoon she looked at that pile doubtfully. If anything, it was higher than before.

Suddenly she went around the shed and around the back of the house and looked through one of the gaps in the fence. Bill was out in back, making an inspection of his tires.

"Bill!"

"Hello."

He straightened up and looked her way. He had on an old mackinaw and overalls and a shabby felt hat.

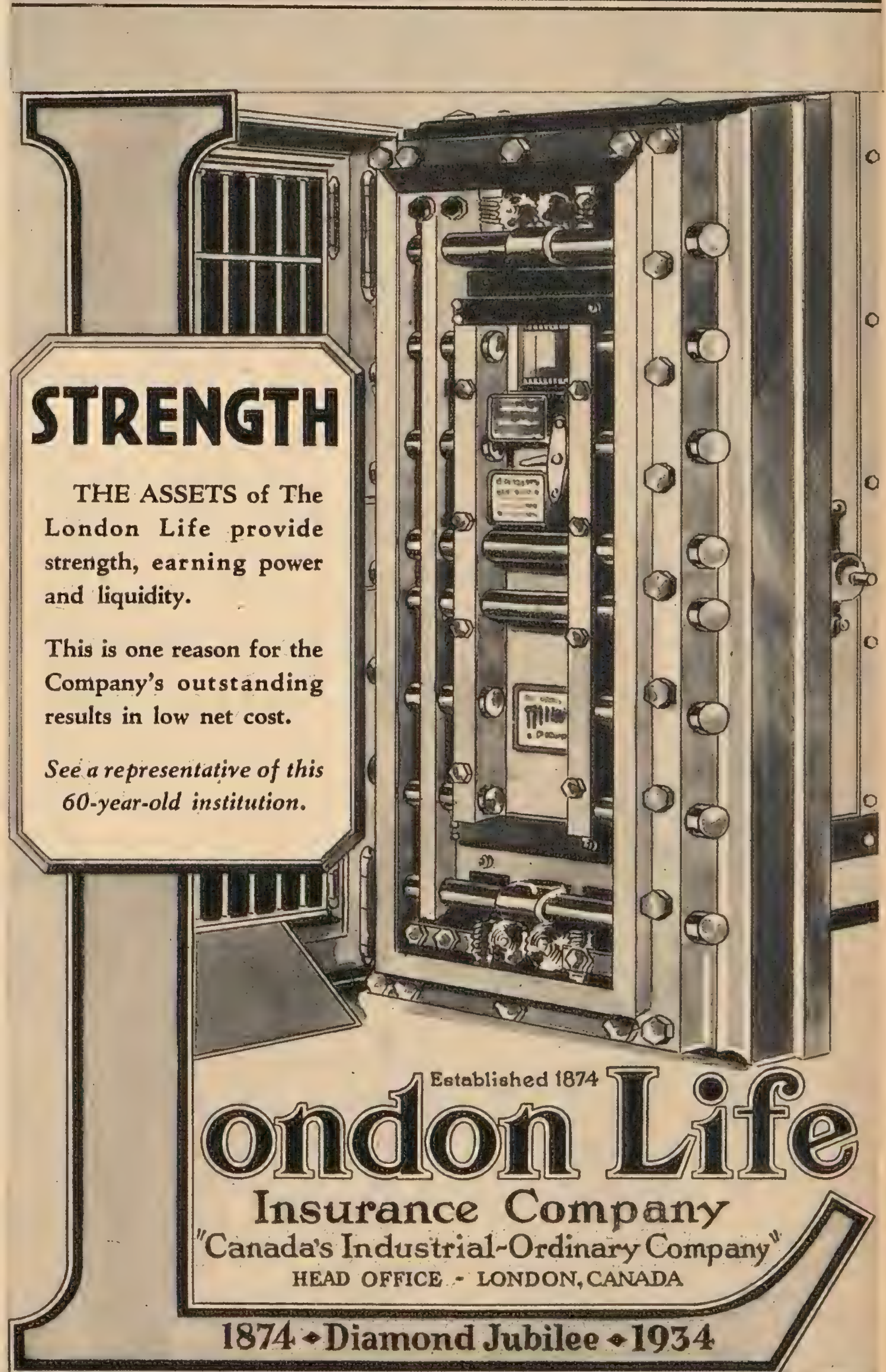
"Did you bring me some wood?"

Bill scowled. "Don't you have any wood?"

"Of course I have wood," she said furiously. "I have all the wood I need."

"Well—O. K.," said Bill.

Sallie stamped back into the house.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NBC BLUE NETWORK

As another cold dark night settled down, she realized there was no hope of Uncle Tim until tomorrow. She went to bed early, and dreamed that she was standing at the end of a very long and very cold corridor, which turned startlingly into a river.

Then quite suddenly something woke her.

She sat up in bed. She could look down the hall and see a dim streak of light showing under the kitchen door. It couldn't be Uncle Tim. Even if he could get across to the island at night, Uncle Tim never came into a place in his life without arousing the whole household.

FLORENCE BRENT THOMPSON

was born in the East but has lived most of her life in Oregon. She attended Wellesley College and later traveled abroad. She spent some time in New York City writing and then returned to her Portland home.

Sallie felt her courage receding in great waves. It was a long time before she could tear her eyes from that faint glimmer beneath the kitchen door. Then she brought them around with an effort to look out of the window and over toward the Hamiltons'. They had a light on in the back of their house.

A faint sound came to her from the kitchen, as of a person moving around out there stealthily. Perhaps some tramp had decided to spend Monday night in the ruins of the Pritchard place and had waked the next morning to find his means of exit cut off.

In a panic she got her shoes on, pulled on a bath robe over her pyjamas, and got a coat from the closet. Noiselessly she opened the side door on to the veranda, and fled over to the Hamiltons'.

Bill was sitting by the kitchen table reading a paper when she knocked. She could see him through the glass. She saw by the clock over his head that it was only ten minutes of ten. The table was bare except for a plate of crackers on the red cloth, salt and pepper shakers, and an empty glass.

He came over and opened the door.

"Sallie!"

"Bill." She pushed herself inside and shut the door after her. "Bill—" She clutched his arm. "There's some one in my house! I'm scared to death." She was aware that she probably looked ludicrous, her pyjamas and red bath robe showing below her coat.

"WHERE'S your mother?" she asked.

"She's gone to bed," said Bill briefly. "Sallie—stop shaking." He put his arm around her and shoved her over to the stove. "You've imagined this. There's not another soul on the island."

She shook her head. "Some one's in my kitchen. He has a light—a thin wavery one."

She noticed Bill looked a trifle wan.

"Well, I'll go and see." He said curiously, "Why are you over there alone?"

"I'm not supposed to be alone. Uncle Tim meant to meet me."

"Then maybe this is your Uncle Tim."

"No," she said firmly. "This isn't Uncle Tim. It's some one who has no business being there."

Bill took his mackinaw off the hook behind the door and put it on. Sallie got up. "I'm going too."

"You'd better stay here."

She shook her head.

"You can go up to mother's room," he suggested.

"I'd rather not," she said faintly. "I'll go with you."

"O. K., Duchess." He tucked her arm through his.

They went around the back of the bungalow, where the fence was and past the kitchen windows.

The blinds were drawn, but a little crack of light got out at the bottom.

"You're sure you didn't leave a light burning?"

"Of course not. Besides, I heard some one moving around."

THEY approached the back porch.

"Still keep an extra key in the same place?" he asked.

"I don't know. I use the other doors mostly."

Fumbling under the flat rock at the foot of the steps, they found no key. "We'll try the door," he suggested. "Maybe it's open."

Together they went up the steps.

"Bill—" Her hand tightened on his arm. "I—I don't think I meant what I said—the other day."

"Oh," he said gruffly, "that's all right." He put his hand over hers. "You and I, Sallie—"

Not what he said but the tone of his voice made everything better. Warm emotion welled up around her and enveloped her. Jed's Island seemed suddenly a charming place, the night balmy and springlike.

Bill said, "You mustn't mind—" And in the same breath she started, "But you might have come to see me—"

"How could I," he said sharply, "when I didn't know where you lived?"

"I mean here."

"Oh—you mean here. You mean—today?" She felt that he looked at her rather oddly. A definite chill seemed to have arisen between them. He didn't answer this idea, and he took his hand away from hers to put it on the door knob.

"All right," he suggested. "Ready?"

She nodded. He flung open the door.

There was some one in the kitchen all right. It was Mrs. Hamilton. Bill looked at her grimly.

Mrs. Hamilton was sitting by an electric torchlight stuck in a glass, and she was engaged in eating what seemed to be a meal of canned tomatoes, bread, and apricots. She looked toward Sallie. In the vague light it could be seen she had the grace to flush.

"I suppose this is the young lady." She tried to appear casual, but even for one of her spirit it was a bit difficult.

"I thought that I could break in without disturbing you," she said, as if that put the breaking in on a firm moral base.

She added vaguely, "You have changed a lot since you were a little girl—much prettier, of course—"

Sallie went closer to the table and stared at the remains of what had been a whole can of tomatoes and a good-sized bowl of apricots. Mechanically she got a lamp down from the shelf and lighted it. "You mean you were hungry?" she said. "Why didn't you—"

They both started to explain to her. Mrs. Hamilton said they'd brought hardly anything with them—they hadn't meant to stay. And, of course, since they hadn't been up for years, there was nothing on hand.

It was Bill who seemed belligerent. "We had enough yesterday," he said shortly. "And there were some crackers left over."

Mrs. Hamilton made a grimace at the word crackers.

Bill wanted Sallie to know they'd been in no danger of starving. Some one would be after them tomorrow—he was surprised no one had come today—

"Yes, I understand all that." There were a few things she didn't understand, but she turned to more practical matters.

Sallie said, "Do you want some bacon and eggs, Bill? I have plenty."

"That's fine," said Bill heartily. "Fine! I'm glad to know you have plenty." But he didn't want her to think—

SALLIE set a match to the fire. It roared up into the chimney. She got a skillet down from the warming oven, started bacon in the pan, put coffee on.

"All right," she said; "I won't think. But is there any reason why—"

Mrs. Hamilton said, "I decided Bill could go hungry if he wanted to. I waited until your lights were out, and then I came over to get a meal."

"Why didn't you come before?"

"Bill wouldn't let me."

"What do you mean—Bill wouldn't let you?"

"Bill," said his mother almost plaintively, "wouldn't let me come over to ask you for something to eat. He said—"

Sallie broke eggs into the pan. "What did you say, Bill?"

"Something pretty silly, I imagine."

"I'm afraid so," said Sallie. She looked at Mrs. Hamilton. "What did he say?"

Mrs. Hamilton got a reminiscent wanness on her face.

"I saw through your window you had plenty to eat. Bill said you couldn't insult a girl and then go over and ask her for food."

"Oh."

"Not that I—" Mrs. Hamilton meant to say that she hadn't meant to be insulting.

SHE stopped, because for once she realized that it was futile to go on talking when no one was listening to her.

Sallie met Bill's eyes. They said nothing.

Then Bill began to grin. Then they both laughed.

"Well," said Sallie, "good for Bill!"

Bill came over brazenly and put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Oh, do you think so?" he said. "All right, sweetheart—hurry up with those bacon and eggs."

Uncle Tim arrived in a boat at ten o'clock the next morning.

He encountered the three of them in the Sayre kitchen.

"Held up by floods and high water," he began defensively. "You're lucky I ever got here at all."

Then he looked around him. Mrs. Hamilton was superintending things, getting breakfast.

Bill and Sallie were supposed to be setting the table.

"Humph!" said Uncle Tim. "You didn't need to be rescued! Believe me, I wouldn't have broken my neck getting here if I knew how it was—the three of you on the island—so chummy-like!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—In 1927.

2—Ezekiel Reed in 1786.

3—Six.

4—A name given in the United States to sterile regions of the West.

5—Any place of unlimited riches.

6—At the back of the knee joint.

7—December 2, 1823, in a message to Congress by President Monroe.

8—King cobra, African mamba, Gabon viper, bush master, and fer-de-lance.

9—Caius Julius Cæsar.

10—A forked stick used to locate water or minerals underground.

11—24,902 miles.

12—Istanbul.

13—About 1,500.

14—A height of land extending from New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana to the Canadian border.

15—John Adams.

16—The architect who designed St. Paul's Cathedral and other important buildings in London.

17—A native of Hawaii; the term is generally used for any South Sea Islander.

18—The maiden name of a married woman.

19—A customs union of states in Germany.

20—Boston; James J. Collins.

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VOX POP

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

RELEGATE THE POORHOUSE TO THE PAST

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The care of the aged and unfortunate has always been a problem meriting more serious consideration than it has ever received. Formerly it was considered to be a local problem; but recently it has assumed such proportions that it is clearly a national problem and to consider it in any other light is foolish.

Catastrophe has come to many a mighty nation in the past because it neglected the welfare of the masses of the people. If we are to escape that fate we must now embark upon a course of promotion of humanitarian measures, by virtue of necessity if for no other reason. Today we have welfare organizations which overflow with maudlin sympathy over the care and comfort of vicious criminals—apparently abysmally ignorant of honest men and women who have served society faithfully and are in dire want in their declining years. The money spent each year in this nation petting, coddling, and keeping alive our thousands of rabid enemies of society who deserve death at the hands of society would keep in security and comfort many times that number of men and women beyond the employment age, whose only mistake has been that they perhaps served society too unselfishly.

We must awake to the fact that the day has passed when the aged man can find employment at knapping stones by the roadside or the aged woman at carding flax or wool in the chimney corner. Those days passed with the oxcart and the tallow candle. Why in the name of common sense did the poorhouse not pass with them? Each year we see the age of employment drop and each year the ranks of the needy grow. Conditions promise to be worse along this line. Either these conditions must be corrected or some means of subsistence must be provided. The poorhouse can no longer continue to be a satisfactory answer.

The proposition to provide for old-age compensation is no new one. In fact we are one of the few principal nations of the world which have not made decided advancement along this line. Many of our states have undertaken a solution of this question and we have their experiences as a guide. It has been clearly demonstrated that it is more costly to maintain the poorhouse than to support the inmates in a more humane manner. However, this movement, to be satisfactory, must be applied to the nation as a whole in a uniform manner. This will be possible only by federal legislation, because it is clearly a national problem.

As to the financial end, many means have been suggested. A goodly portion of the money now spent coddling our criminals would go a long way toward financing this movement. Perhaps the best method proposed, however, is to let each man and woman between certain ages pay each month into some agency, for instance the Postal Savings Fund, a stated sum which will be set aside to provide for an annuity fund for each man and woman after they reach a certain age. This plan has worked in a highly satisfactory manner in the case of the government employees under the Classified Civil Service and other groups of public employees. There is no reason why it would not work in this case. Certainly no one could object to paying into a fund for this purpose the price of two or three picture shows each month.

The future is the realm in which we and our children will grow old. Upon the security of the individual rests the security of the nation. Some method must be devised to insure the future of the individual, or the future of the nation cannot be assured. Too long have we believed in such of the old sayings as "Virtue is its own reward." Too often they prove to be practical only in so far as that virtue is the only reward of virtue. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," fills no empty stomachs in this world of stern realities and relentless competition.

Hunger, illness, cold, misery, and old age are not conditions in the abstract. They are real, personal, pathetic, distressing, and dangerous. Let us insist that some of the talents of this nation be devoted to their relief. Each passing day adds to the number of our unfortunates and accentuates their needs. Let us demand that the poorhouse be relegated to the past along with slavery, the rack, and the prison for debtors.

As an economical proposition the poorhouse is a failure. As an opportunity for graft and corruption it is equaled by few other departments of local government. As a humanitarian proposition it is nil. What excuse can be advanced for its existence in an enlightened Christian nation?—*Representative Charles I. Faddis, Twenty-fifth District, Pennsylvania.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

Representative Faddis's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

SMALL WONDER!

OMAHA, NEB.—To hear farmers talk, one would think they are in the most depressed condition of anybody. Yet I have not seen any of them standing in the soup line. The farmer is responsible to a great extent for his own condition, if not that of the world in general. When prices were sky-high during and after the war he had an idea that they would retain that level forever. He plowed up all his land, bought a big tractor and gang plows, and proceeded to farm on a wholesale scale. With his production more than doubled it is small wonder that an enormous surplus was soon built up.

When the government tried to take care of this surplus and buy it, instead of the farmer coöperating and reducing his acreage, he planted everything again the next year, believing an ever-accommodating government would keep right on buying.

That the present administration is doing everything in its power to assist the farmer is quite evident. Just how successful it will be will depend to a great extent upon the farmer himself. —*Ray Blain.*

THIS BUTTON BUSINESS

COMPTON, CALIF.—In answer to the button query in May 19 Vox Pop, the writer is of the logical opinion that the reason men's coats button on the right side and women's coats button on the left side is for the same reason that (in walking) the men walk on the right side of the women and the women walk on the left side of the men.

In other words, this button business is ancient etiquette!—*Golden O. Dugan.*

HUGH FULLERTON BACKS MACFADDEN ON BASEBALL TRAINING

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I have just read again with much interest Bernarr Macfadden's article on baseball training (March 17 Liberty). Having known Mr. Macfadden since his horse-and-buggy days in Chicago added to the interest. What he knows about baseball is negligible, but in this article he has struck upon one of the chief reasons for the decline in the national sport and the big reason for the short careers of players.

One of the pitiful conditions in connection with professional baseball is the army of broken-down, dependent, and semidependent athletes who were wrecked, physically and otherwise, in the game. The country is filled with them. Stars and near stars of ten, twenty, and thirty years ago appeal regularly to their old clubs, to the present-day owners and players, and to Commissioner Landis for help at an age when an athlete should be in his prime.

The greater part of this condition is due to the appalling ignorance of players of the first principles of training for continuous effort.

Babe Ruth is perhaps the best example, good and bad, of what training will do for a player. For years Ruth was careless and reckless in training. That his career was not ruined was due more to his tremendous physical and recuperative powers than to anything else. He was twice on the verge of going out of the game. Then he fell into the hands of one of the few trainers who know about such cases, and discovered that it is easier to keep in condition than to get back into condition after a period of neglect. Since then he has taken much better care of himself and has lasted at least five years longer—which in his case means about a quarter of a million dollars in added income.

Mathewson was another instance of the triumph of condition over time and wear and tear. Matty started as a fast ball pitcher, using speed and curves. Although a college man, his idea of training was rudimentary. He understood little about preparing the body for its work. His arm failed. Patiently he worked to get himself and his arm into shape, and came back as a slow-curve and change-of-pace pitcher. His arm failed him again. This time he understood. It was a long, hard battle, but he won. He worked the arm back into condition largely because he conditioned the rest of his body, especially the digestive organs. Developing his famous fade-away, he became a greater pitcher than ever.

Mr. Macfadden is right. Proper training would lengthen the average careers of professional players from three to five years. With the supply of recruits capable of filling major-league clubs depleted to a great extent, and with every major-league manager needing talent, it would seem that the simplest way to keep major-league clubs up to the standard of ability would be to prolong the careers of the athletes by scientific training methods, rather than to spend millions of dollars scouting for and developing young players.—*Hugh Fullerton.*

20,000,000 SWEETHEARTS

BOSTON, MASS.—Of course it makes no difference when I state that an error has been made in your May 19 issue in which Beverly Hills refers to the photoplay 20,000,000 Sweethearts as $20,000,000 Sweethearts. This is merely offered as constructive criticism; for, after all, "To err is human, to forgive divine." With no mal intentions, I remain—*J. A. R., a Liberty Booster.*

LIKED CHAPLIN BROADCAST

BABYLON, N. Y.—Life stories are always interesting and that is why I like both Liberty and the broadcasts by its editor. His dramatic description of the screen's leading personality was a masterpiece characterized by wide human appeal, drama, and suspense, giving us all a bit of that elusive charm that is really Charlie Chaplin. It was a fine, interesting, and tremendously human presentation. I enjoyed it greatly.

Best wishes to you, your magazine, and your broadcast series. I know that millions will be awaiting the charm of your editor's voice and the message of his brilliant mind.—*H. O. S.*

BALBO SIX HOURS FROM ROME

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Entirely by chance, the February 3 Liberty fell into my hands, with the article by John Hearley, Can Balbo Unseat Mussolini? There was a subheading which read: "A Surprising Revelation of the Long Hidden Rivalry that Lies Behind the Fascist Hero's Humiliating "Exile" to Africa.

This is truly a "surprising revelation." Any one in Italy knows that Mussolini rebuilt Italian aviation that was practically ruined after the World War through the incapacity and incompetency of the so-called democratic governments. When Balbo gained the necessary experience, Mussolini let go the reins of the Minister of Aëronautics in 1928 and Balbo was advanced to the Secretaryship. Few can speak as well as I of all that was done for aviation under the direct guidance of Mussolini, for I had the great honor of being called by him to the post of Assistant Secretary for Aëronautics.

Mussolini above every one else recognized Balbo's ability and valued his service to the nation. But in Italy there are many other aviators of great value. Is it not just, therefore, that the others have their chance too? The post of Governor of Libya (to which Balbo was assigned) has been considered very important by such men as Marshal Badoglio, General De Bono, who like Balbo was one of the quadrumvirs of the March on Rome, and Count Volpi. As for being in "exile," Tripoli is six hours' flight from Rome and a perfect air line functions daily between these two points.—*E. Casagrande di Villaviera.*

THE HOOK IN THE SEAT

CANON CITY, COLO.—The rod of the angler on the cover of May 12 Liberty incorrectly has the reel seat on the opposite side from the guides. Furthermore, the length of the rod and the relative length of the extended line would make it impossible for the fisherman to hook the seat of her pants, in the manner shown in the picture, while angling.

We would enjoy art more if artists were more logical.—*S. T. Burgess.*

PISTOLS FOR EVERYBODY

CORCORAN, CALIF.—Are the readers of Liberty getting wiser due to reading Liberty? Or what? I notice there less of the silly kind of letters than there used to be.

Writers now seem to be thinking people (most of them) and many are advancing good ideas.

Our crime wave can be stopped very quickly by a poll tax of ten dollars a head on every man or woman who will not carry and learn to use expertly a good revolver. Now rave, critics! But where every one carries arms there is much less crime than here in America. The concealed-weapons laws are a joke and defeat their very purpose. The outlaws could not ask for more favorable legislation for their protection.—*Dr. Chester C. Cook.*

WHERE ARE CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE?

THE DALLES, ORE.—Miss Bessie Boyle in May 19 Vox Pop craves advice. I'm afraid the only way to get away from the "non-matrimonial buggy ride" is to get out and walk.

Where are chivalry and romance? They disappeared with woman suffrage. How can a man feel romantic toward any woman who considers herself his equal in everything he attempts? If Sir Walter Raleigh confronted the modern girl with his cloak-spreading stunt, she would laugh at him and then walk around, deliberately stepping in the mud.—*Fred Shearer.*

HERE IS CHATKOFF, MR. STEVENS!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I note in your May 5 Vox Pop that Harry G. Stevens of Cleveland, Ohio, desires to get in touch with me. Please advise Mr. Stevens to address me in care of the American Legion, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. I will be delighted to hear from him.—*Herman Lincoln Chatkoff.*

BEWARE OF THE CURVES

HALIFAX, N. S.—I want to tell you how much Tom A. Burke's auto safety articles are enjoyed. Here in Nova Scotia our motorists have their own problems. The population of our province is too small to permit excessive expenditures for permanent paving.

Summer tourists from the rich, densely populated New England states are not used to the deep trenches at the sides of our highways, which are needed for proper drainage when the snow melts.

They often drive with disregard for the many curves which, negotiated with the proper caution, display the natural beauty of Nova Scotia.

Here at least safe driving means enjoyable driving.—*John Mackenzie.*

CAUGHT BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR

DETROIT, MICH.—After reading Senator Bronson Cutting's article in March 31 Liberty, Is Private Banking Doomed? I wanted to congratulate him. What he says about the evils of private banking I am sure the vast majority of people will agree with. But whether they will agree with him that the government should control credit is another question.

If the government's fixed policy of adopting halfway measures is to guide its credit operations, then Heaven help us!

By halfway measures I mean doing only part of the job, as for instance:

Why did the government lend money on grain to farmers without setting up a control of production? Why does it give the American Federation of Labor leave to bludgeon, browbeat, and strong-arm workers into joining its particular unions, while commanding employers not to coerce workers into joining company unions?

Does the Senator believe that virtue, honesty, liberality, love of mankind, and patriotism are qualities exclusive to any one party, class, or section?

Are these fifty-per-cent measures the best we can expect out of a Democratic Congress?

The consumer is rapidly coming to the conclusion that, like the forgotten man, he is caught between the two exploiters, capital and labor, and that if he is to get justice he must make both realize they are working for him and neither can rob him for their own exclusive benefit.—*E. St. Elmo Lewis.*

SAY NOT GOOD-BY

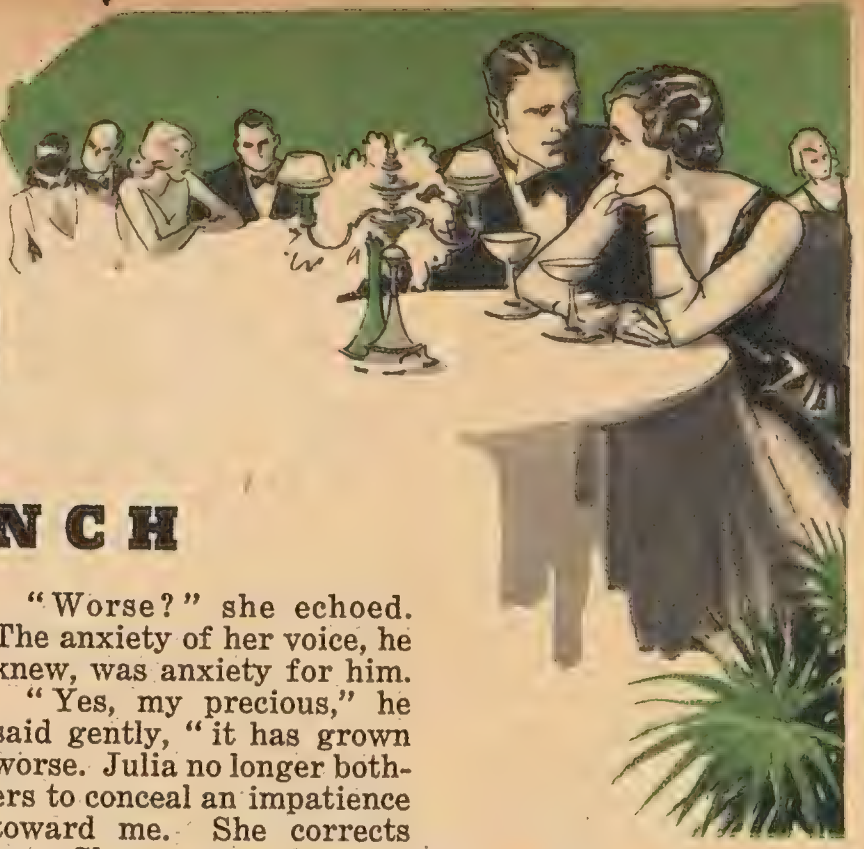
MOBILE, ALA.—Quoting from Donald F. Wickets's Don't Commit Suicide in May! in May 12 Liberty, "If these figures do not lie, 500 men and 175 women who read Liberty will commit suicide in 1934!" I think he's a bit conservative. —*Will Bumpoff.*

PS. If you don't hear from me again you'll know what happened.

Wife Trouble

A Short Short Story

by CHARLES BRANCH



READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE tables at the Club Mornay were crowded. The atmosphere had been made genial and relaxing by the food and music. The hands of Nature's clock were pointing to that mystic hour when men grow confidential with sympathetic ladies even to the extent of telling things which they regret the morning after.

For nearly half an hour, under a cover of gay small talk, Roger Holcombe had been struggling with a desire to unburden himself, and finally, when the demi-tasses arrived, he surrendered with a sigh.

He leaned across the table and touched his dinner companion's hand softly, and that simple contact was surprising. It lifted the care from his face. It left him handsome, distinguished, almost young.

In spite of the slightly gray hair at his temples, he could nearly feel like the Roger Holcombe of ten years back.

"Dearest," he said. "Thank Heaven I could arrange to get here with you tonight."

She smiled at him, and he found himself thinking that Lucile had the most tender and perfect understanding of any woman in the world. She was beautiful, perfect—gleaming hair, soft responsive eyes, lips that were both tender and capable.

"Do you love it so much, dear?" she asked.

"When I am with you," he said, "I forget all trouble, dearest. You bring me blessed peace."

"I love it too," she answered simply. "Poor darling. You don't have to decide anything tonight."

He picked up a crumb of bread and kneaded it. "Julia worries me," he said. "Why is it that the nerves of two people should ultimately begin to clash when two people have been together for years, Lucile—when both are actuated by the same interests?"

"She doesn't understand you, Roger dear," she said.

He drummed his fingers noiselessly on the white tablecloth. "That's it," he answered, and his voice was almost harsh. "She doesn't understand me, Lucile; and I'm willing to wager one thing more—it's come over me lately—I don't believe she ever has understood me from the very beginning."

"You mustn't be too hard on her— " she began.

He loved her charity and understanding, but he did not want it then. "Darling, I hope you don't mind my laying my troubles at your feet," he said. "But honestly, I am not being hard on Julia. I am only facing definite facts." He lowered his voice and his eyes were deadly clear, "I don't believe Julia has ever wanted to understand me."

"Roger dear, of course she has. It's only that you have a complicated nature. It's only that she hasn't got the capacity."

"It's sweet of you to say that, my precious," he answered. "No one in the world could be fairer, sweeter to Julia than you have been, but I know her better. She doesn't want to understand because she wishes to supplant her own ideas on mine." He laughed shortly but without humor. "In hundreds of little ways Julia has twisted me around her finger. I suppose it amused me at first. I suppose I was too preoccupied. She's always wished to impose herself, and now something worse has happened."

"Worse?" she echoed. The anxiety of her voice, he knew, was anxiety for him.

"Yes, my precious," he said gently, "it has grown worse. Julia no longer bothers to conceal an impatience toward me. She corrects me. She nags me about little things. Sometimes she is almost hostile."

"Roger," Lucile said, "poor dear Roger, you mustn't worry so."

"I don't worry," he answered. "How could I worry when I think of you in the background—you always beautiful, Lucile, always sweet, always, always understanding? I'm just telling you because I suppose I have to tell some one." He lowered his voice again. "She doesn't even bother any more what I may think of her. By thunder, Lucile, she takes everything for granted! She used to be so neat. She doesn't even care how she dresses any more. By thunder, if I wanted to, I could tell Julia a thing or two! I've got a good mind to tell her. It's going to happen some day, inevitably. I shall be perfectly calm about it—perfectly logical. I'm going to say, 'Julia, sit down. I want to have a little talk with you.'"

"Roger," her hand closed over his, "please, darling, please don't bother about it now."

In some miraculous way he was holding her in his arms and they were dancing on that crowded floor as though they two were entirely alone; and he forgot about Julia and he forgot about the world. "It did you good to talk," she whispered.

And he whispered back, "No two people in the world ever danced together as perfectly as you and I do, sweet."

HE kissed her in the taxicab like a lover and yet in humble gratitude.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" she said.

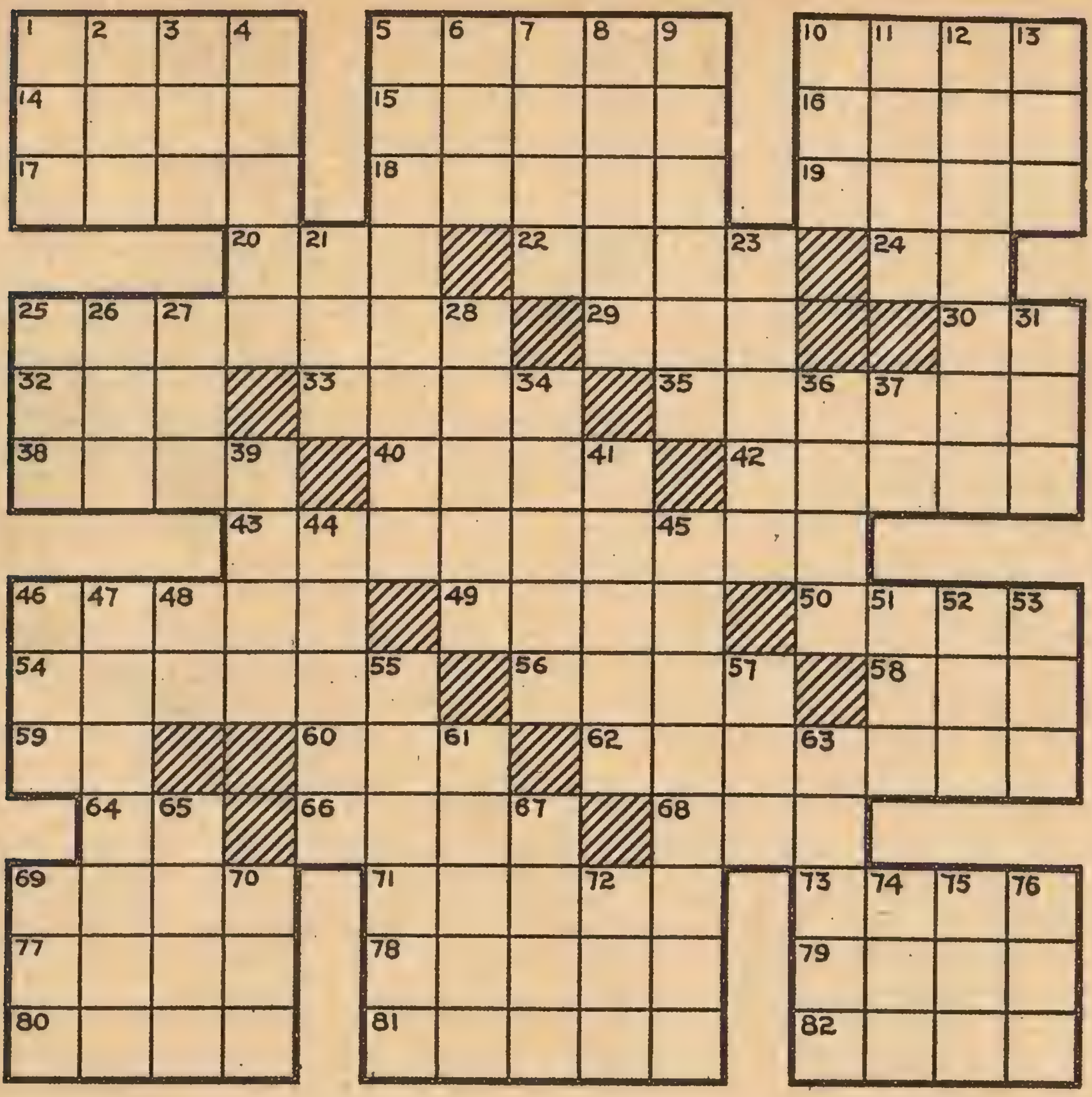
"I always do when I'm with you. You always bring me peace."

The lights were low in the apartment. They sat there talking gayly, softly, almost like a boy and girl safe back from a party. When she moved off down the hall he could hear her singing. He must have sat there for a long while lost in the thoughts of his own happiness, because he finally heard her call, "Roger, aren't you ever coming to bed?" And he was face to face with the realities again.

"Yes," he said, "but I've got a little work to do first, Lucile. I'm going to send Julia a telegram. That Apex contract is coming up tomorrow. Julia's been on my neck about it for a week, and she knows more about it than I do. Well, I'll send her a wire and tell her to handle the Apex people herself. I don't have to be a slave and go to that confounded office every Saturday. Secretaries are meant to be in the office Saturdays. I'll send Julia a telegram, and you and I will take the car for the week-end and go up and see how the children are getting on at camp. After all, Julia has got to realize that she is only my private secretary."

THE END

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Affects with uneasiness
5 To furnish food
10 The altar end of a church
14 Discontinue
15 Void of sense
16 A deep red pigment
17 The top of the head
18 Spanish yardstick (plural)
19 Wicked
20 Roumanian monetary unit (plural)
22 Agitate
24 An overhead railroad (abbr.)
25 Written challenges to combat
29 Compass point
30 Note in the scale
32 Hasten
33 Eggs of a parasite
35 To make trifling experiments
38 Notion
40 Ardent interest
42 Magpies (local Eng.)
43 Most pleasing
46 Cardinal number
49 Ridge
50 Woman's name
54 Cooks
56 Protuberance of a lopped-off branch
58 Old money of account
59 Plural ending for certain nouns
60 Pronoun
62 Change of one word into another by transposing letters

O	A	T			S	P	A	G	H	E	T	T	I	
W	H	Y		H	I	P	S	■	A	X	I	O	M	S
L	A	R	I	A	T	S	■	T	R	I	P	■	M	U
		A	C	T	S	■	F	R	E	T	■	H	U	G
W	A	N	E	S	■	F	R	O	M	■	T	U	N	A
O	U	T	S	■	R	I	O	T	■	B	O	N	E	R
O	N	S	■	H	U	N	G	■	P	U	N	K	■	D
D	T	■	F	A	N	S	■	R	I	N	G	■	M	A
P	■	S	O	R	T	■	D	U	N	K	■	P	O	D
E	S	T	O	P	■	K	I	S	S	■	S	O	L	D
C	A	U	L	■	T	I	N	T	■	F	O	L	L	Y
K	I	D	■	F	I	N	E	■	R	I	D	E		
E	L	■	L	E	A	K	■	C	A	R	A	C	U	L
R	O	B	B	E	R	■	T	H	I	S		A	G	E
	R	E	S	T	A	U	R	A	N	T		T	H	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

64 Exist
66 A song
68 Always
69 Old
71 A heron
73 Fastening device
77 Make one's self trim
78 Aromatic seed
79 Hideous
80 Perennial plant
81 Men
82 A flatfish

VERTICAL

1 Venomous serpent
2 A Negrito of the Philippines (variant)
3 Parcel of land
4 A kind of wheat
5 Reclaim from a barbarous state
6 Coin of India (variant)
7 Smears
8 Growing out
9 To strive against
10 A beverage
11 Prepare the way
12 A small kettle
13 A lamprey
21 Even (poetic)
23 Gathers
25 A Greek letter
26 To give assistance
27 Female sandpiper (variant)
28 Causes to remain after marking out
31 Areas of 100 square meters (variant)
34 Satisfies to repletion
36 One twentieth of a grain
37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
39 Mimics
41 Climbing plant
44 Plural of rete
45 Originates
46 Threefold (prefix)
47 One who does homage
48 Egyptian deity
51 And not
52 Man's name
53 Obstruct
55 Small river
57 Festive
61 Sign substituted for a signature (Latin, plural)
63 Class, as of animals, etc.
65 A pond
67 Seed covering
69 Appropriate
70 A Greek-letter fraternity
72 Suffix signifying of
74 Past
75 Evil
76 A lixivium

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

by PRINCESS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

WAKE up to the swishy sound of water sprinklers. All day long you hear them. Every night they lull you to sleep.

Fixed in my mind is the Hollywood theme song of water sprinklers forever sprinkling, sprinkling, sprinkling.

The Hollywood that we know could not exist without them. The desert, arid and blistering, would be all over the place. For every drop of moisture fed so laboriously to lawns and gardens, a thousand grains of desert sand drift in. Twenty-four waterless hours, I am told, would bake Hollywood to a sandy crisp.

A fifteen-minute ride by airplane brings you to vast, malignant desolation. There lies the desert—a coiled snake just outside the door of Hollywood's lush and floral paradise. Hollywood is an artificial Eden, made and defended by man. Nature is its enemy. Nature would destroy it if she could.

This reality provides the screen for the big show. Upon it the great ones of filmland—producers, stars, directors—enact the moving picture of their lives.

●

HERE are some of my first impressions: Sam Goldwyn comically urging Anna Sten to tidy her rebellious Russian hair. . . . Greta Garbo, unnoticed, buying fish in a fish store. . . . Louis B. Mayer asking me to tell him (seriously!) what I think of him. . . . The placards on the Fox Studio flower beds begging, "Please Let Me Grow." . . . Frances (famous screen writer) Marion's flock of blue love birds swooping all together across their roomy garden cage. . . . The charming studio dresses that Jean Muir designs for herself. . . . The coquetry of Mrs. Frank Borzage's black costumes and tiny hats. . . . Paulette Goddard enlisting a new reader (Charlie Chaplin) for this page. . . . Erik Charell leading me into an old-time Viennese waltz. . . . The wealth of roses around Marie Dressler's home.

●

RIGHT off the bat I ruined part of a picture. This gave me a dramatic Hollywood entrance. It happened on the M.-G.-M. lot, where I went to watch Joan Crawford and Gene Raymond shoot scenes for Sadie McKee, the Viña Delmar story you read a while ago in Liberty.

I was escorted to the sound stage—just a big barn, if you ask me. A red light flashed as we arrived. The ruby gleam was supposed to compel absolute silence, which it failed to do in my case. Nobody told me to keep quiet, and I never keep quiet unless I am told. I walked in chattering freely, as is my habit.

Out bounced a directorial gentleman hissing like a gander.

"You have *s-s-spoiled* the *s-s-scene*," he sibilated at me. "We could hear every *s-s-single* word you *s-s-said!*"

I apologized, but what good did that do? At any rate, I know now that I have a carrying voice. From where I stood, the distance to their embarrassingly sensitive sound machine was not less than one hundred feet.

●

MOST idealistic of Hollywood romances is the marriage of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. Most tragic of Hollywood bereavements was the death of Edmund Lowe's wife, Lilyan Tashman. Ugliest of Hollywood scandals is the recent wrecking of a devoted team by a lady of glorious disrepute.

●

OFTEN Hollywood leads visiting writers to judgments or angry disapproval or bemused acclaim. I am afraid I cannot follow that lead. Judgment without comparison seems illogical, and I can't think of any other place with which Hollywood reasonably can be compared.

Normal communities are populated largely by hazards of birth. Hollywood's population has been especially recruited. Special talents have swarmed there from the ends of the earth. Pack any town full of talent, of would-be talent, of pretensions to talent—and there you will have an area of strange emotional pressure. It is not unlike the effect of a high altitude.

I know important men in Hollywood who are more careless of culture, more ignorant of the world than they have any right to be. Yet I find them inspired by surprising visions, moved by thoughts they cannot articulate but which develop, at times, into fine achievement.

It is not greed of gold or vanity alone that drives these men to such success. Rather, I think, it is some deep-sunk truth of life that they have learned by living—some fertile perception which can bear fruit only through the artistic craftsmanship of others.

Next week I will tell you about a star who came out of the red dawn.

. . . to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

SACRED elephants of Borneo wear silk stockings. They wear hand-knitted silk socks over their feet, and change them every day.

I learned this from Helene Freeman. She knows all about silk stockings, is a professional expert on the subject. Other points she brought to my attention may be more useful than the one about the elephants. Here are a few of her practical silk-stocking hints:

Bright tones make thin legs look fatter, and neutral-colored stockings make fat legs look thinner. It also works the other way round.

Few men know how to buy silk stockings for their girls; they generally buy them too pinkish. Too light.

Runs are the misery of all who wear silk stockings. Miss Freeman says we could prevent a lot of our runs. Many of them occur because the garter straps on our girdles have lost their elasticity. Shoes with runover heels are another common cause, and so is the habit of putting stockings on carelessly, without getting the seam straight along the sole of the foot, as well as down the back of the leg. And we ought to buy stockings large enough to allow for the *width* of our feet.

The fashion for silk stockings has been raging for about ten years, and now amounts to over thirty million dozens of pairs a year. Stocking stylists have had a leg sculptured in exact proportion with the measurements of the average American girl. This model leg is in New York, and is called *Betty*.

◆

A GIRL writes to me, saying:

> The man I want to marry has five brothers and four sisters. I am an only child. They are extremely fond of one another. They have always been inseparable companions. While they like me, and I like them too, I can't help wondering what will happen if I marry into such a family. I have seen other girls overwhelmed by too many relatives-in-law.

So have I, but that is not the only result I have observed. I have also seen what a bulwark of strength and sympathy a large family—the right kind of family—can be in times of trouble.

Young brides attach a great deal of importance, quite correctly, to their independence. They need to set up their House of Marriage in their own way. Yet the day usually comes, later on, when they are grateful for those in-law *intrusions* which bring helping hands.

◆

FOR adventure that is high, wide, and vividly realistic, read Captain John W. Thomason's new book, Salt Winds and Gobi Dust. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

◆

TWO controversies about women school-teachers are now going on, one in this country, the other in England. Over here the debate concerns pay—why should women teachers get less than the men? The English question strikes deeper.

Over there some authorities have begun to argue that no women should be permitted to teach boys of any age. The claim is that women teachers are too temperamental, too impulsive, too sweet, or too peevish.

HELENE FREEMAN

It is further suggested that the weakening influence of women teachers upon school discipline may be responsible for much juvenile delinquency and youthful crime. A number of American educators have told me, in private, that they hold the same opinion. Naturally, they are all men.

And they have not felt brave enough, thus far, to make their viewpoint public. Scared of the weak women teachers!

◆

FRIEND who passed me this one swears she heard it with her own ears. Two elderly gentlewomen from Massachusetts were sight-seeing in Mexico. Went to look at a bull ring. "Harriet," said one to the other, "why do you suppose it is that bullfighters never fight cows?"

"Don't be silly," snapped Harriet. "*You* know very well a cow wouldn't stand for it."

◆

SOUTHERNERS say there is no stew more delicious than a *Brunswick* stew. I am convinced. Try it yourself. Put it together like this:

In an earthenware casserole place 3 pounds chicken, 1 pound fresh beef, green corn cut from 4 ears, 2 sliced tomatoes, 1 pint green beans, 3 sliced potatoes, 1 onion, 1 pint soup stock, salt, pepper, and 1 teaspoon paprika.

Cover and cook slowly until all of the ingredients are tender. Serve the stew with hot corn bread.

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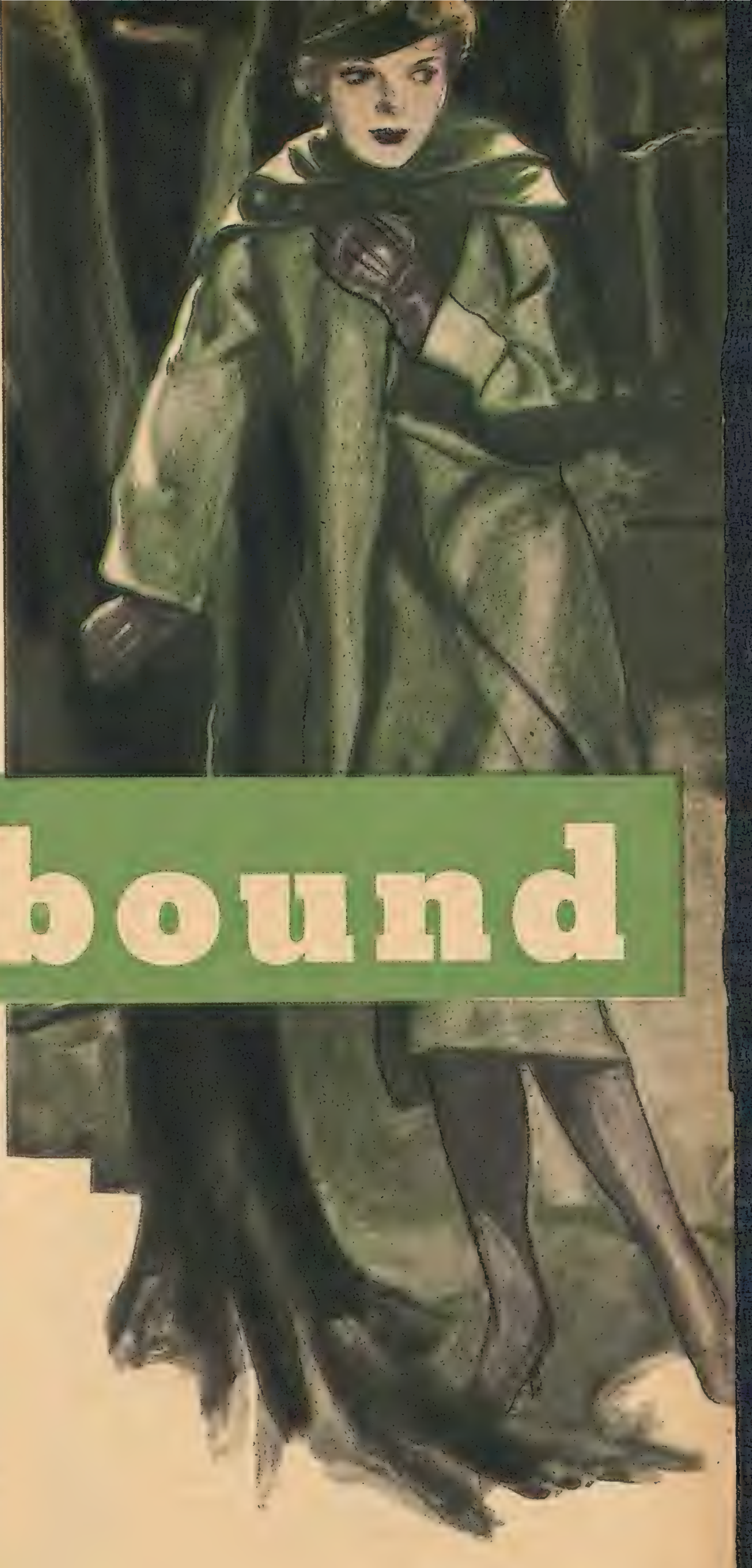


Brassbound

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FROM her memories we now know that Linda, finding herself pregnant, resolved to make Clay marry her at last, though only that her child might be legitimized. She told him she had changed her mind and wanted to be married right away. His suspicions were aroused; he insisted upon a formal wedding after an interval that would have betrayed her condition. He then left her to keep a business appointment. She instructed her aunt to phone the Maplewood Courier that the marriage was about to take place, and that night she kept watch until the light in Clay's room assured her that he had come home and gone to bed.

Lest she awaken her aunt, she left her own home by way of her window and the trellis. Passing through the pine grove, she noticed the half-witted Willie Collins there in the shadows; but if Willie saw her go by he gave no sign of it. She gained access to Clay's room from the balcony. Clay roused and reached for the revolver at his bedside—then discovered who the intruder was. Getting out of her the real reason why she was calling upon him to marry her, he contemptuously refused, became grossly insulting, and finally, with his hands on her, threatened outrage.

She caught up his revolver, pointed it, warned him. He mocked at her and came after her as she backed to the French doors. Convinced that he was about to pounce upon her and hit her, she cried, "If you move I'll kill you!"

The story now returns to the courtroom.

PART SEVEN — "GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY"

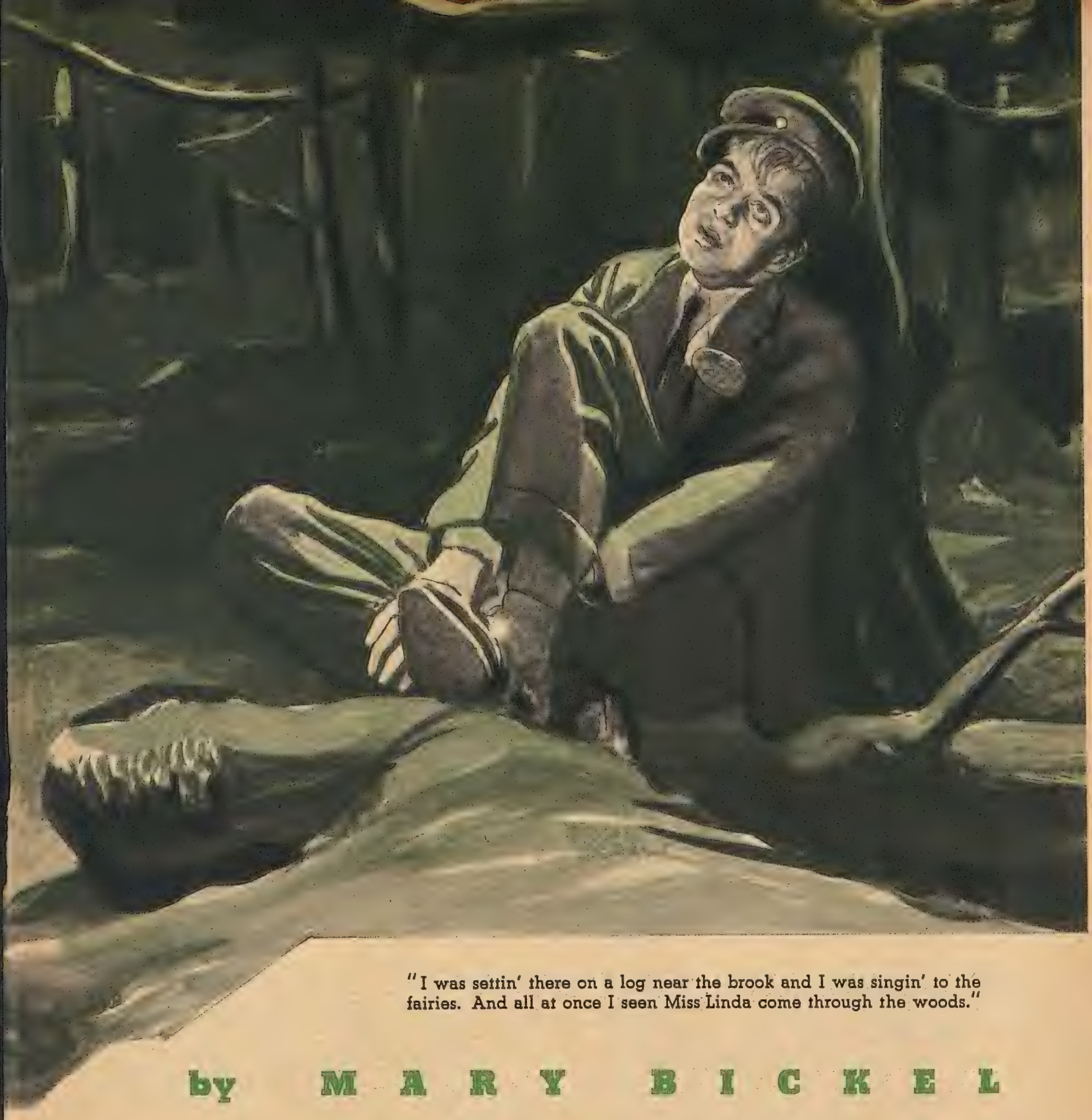
SLOWLY, painfully, almost as if they had been drugged, the spectators wrenched their eyes away from Linda to the place from which a disturbance had come.

A moment before, every eye in the room had been fastened on her, every soul waiting breathlessly for her reply to the prosecutor's stern accusing question:

"Do you swear on the Bible that you did not go out of your house the night of September 27, and take the path that leads from your garden over the brook and through the grove of pines? Do you dare to swear it?"

Then there was this disturbance in the far corner of the room.

It was Willie Collins, standing up on his feet; in his



"I was settin' there on a log near the brook and I was singin' to the fairies. And all at once I seen Miss Linda come through the woods."

by MARY BICKEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

face the light of a dawning wonder and excitement.

It was as if something—now, at last—had happened at this show that he could understand.

Excitedly he waved his arm, pointing at Linda.

"I saw her!" he cried hoarsely. "I saw her that night! I saw her in the woods!"

. . . .

"HEAR ye! Hear ye! All those having business before this honorable Court, let them draw near, give their attention, and they shall be heard."

It was the next morning. Twenty minutes after ten. The jury had filed in. The spectators' seats were crowded. Until the judge appeared the room had buzzed with yesterday's sensation. What did it mean? What had Willie seen and heard? Was Willie Collins going to be the one to send Linda Stuart to the chair? They discussed in detail his outburst of the day before and what had followed. Before he could speak further, the judge had peremptorily summoned him to the bar. There, whispering excitedly, his beaming eyes always on Linda, his arms making loose-jointed gestures toward her, he had said something—had gone on saying it happily.

Judge Townsend's face became gray and drawn as he listened. At last he cut Willie short with a tired hand, and beckoned to the two lawyers. Again Willie whispered and gestured, more and more proud of his growing importance. For the first time in his life he was being treated with respectful attention by grown men.

When the lawyers returned to their tables, Stanley Wilmott made no effort to conceal the triumph in his face, and Joe Barnard walked heavily like an old man.

Heads turned from side to side and the buzz of specula-

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tion broke out; but Judge Townsend's cold voice cut in like a knife and silenced it. In a voice from which all human emotion seemed to have been wrung he announced:

" This young man has testimony to offer which, if true, may be vitally important to the case on trial. The Court is therefore, in the interests of justice, bound to consider the evidence which he has to offer. In order to give the opposing counsels, as well as myself, a chance to examine this young man more thoroughly before he takes the stand, court will be adjourned until tomorrow at ten o'clock. In the meantime Willie Collins will be held as a material witness."

Nothing more had happened yesterday. Now the curtain was again rising slowly. Jurors were taking their places. The defendant was led in, pale and composed.

At last the judge appeared and every one rose. His face was as inscrutable as ever.

" The Court, after careful consideration, has decided that the evidence in question yesterday should be admitted. Am I right, Mr. Wilmott, in my understanding that Mr. Willie Collins is your witness? "

" Perfectly, your Honor! " sang out the prosecutor.

" He may then be called."

A sigh, deliciously expectant, ran over the courtroom.

" Mr. Willie Collins will take the stand! "

Guided by an attendant, Willie shuffled forward. Gone was his self-assurance of the day before. He followed with moving jaws the rapid chanting lips which administered the oath; docilely he sank into the witness box. The prosecutor was at him like a flash:

" Is your name Willie Collins? "

Willie's eyes had discovered Linda, but he dragged them back to the man who had shot the question at him.

" Sure."

" Now, Willie, you have known the defendant for a long time, haven't you? The defendant is Miss Stuart."

WILLIE smiled. " Oh, you mean Miss Linda! Sure, I've knowed her all my life, just about."

" And you have no difficulty in recognizing her anywhere, at any time? Isn't that true? "

Willie's eyes yearned fatuously at Linda. " You mean would I know her if I seen her? Oh, sure! "

" Exactly. Now, Willie, you told us yesterday that you saw Linda Stuart the night that Mr. Carroll died. Just what night was that? "

Willie said promptly, " The 27th of September! "

" Just how do you happen to be so certain? "

" Because it was my birthday. My maw—"

" Just a minute, Willie. Your Honor, I would like to introduce this birth certificate in evidence to support his testimony. I obtained it from his mother last night. It states that Willie Collins was born on the twenty-seventh day of September—in 1909."

The birth certificate was handed solemnly through the hands of the jurors, and the prosecutor went on:

" Just where did you see Miss Linda that night? "

Willie's eyes grew round and his voice sepulchral.

" In the woods! In the pine trees! "

" Between her house and Mr. Carroll's, you mean? "

" Yes! It was late. Late at night! "

A SHIVER ran over the more impressionable of the audience, while others scrutinized the defendant. But her face was calm and her counsel's was composed. They did not look as people should look who were hearing a death sentence.

" What were you doing in the pine grove that night? "

" My maw let me go on account of it was my birthday. I talk to the fairies. There are fairies in there. I go there and sing to them—"

" Yes, yes. Now tell us in your own words just how you saw Miss Stuart that night, and what she did."

" Well—"

" Go on! "

" I was settin' there on a log near the brook and I was singin' to the fairies—"

" You may leave out the fairies, Willie! " The prosecutor was irritated now, and over the spectators rippled a snicker that was half hysterical. " Just go ahead! "

Willie went on sullenly, " I was settin' there, singin'. And all at once I seen Miss Linda come through the woods. She was comin' fast, and I just set there and watched her. I didn't even move. I didn't dare! "

" Why didn't you dare? "

" I didn't want to scare the fairies! "

" Oh. How did you know that it was Miss Stuart? "

" Why, I'd know her anywhere."

" Do you mean that you saw her face? "

" Sure I seen her face! It wasn't so dark in there. Not that night." His voice was hushed. " There's a kind of glow in there. The fairies make it—"

Stanley Wilmott summoned what patience he could.

" Never mind about the fairies, Willie! Just tell us about Miss Stuart."

" Yes, sir. She was wearin' that dark-blue suit o' hern, and a blue cap—"

" Were these the garments she was wearing, Willie? "

The witness stretched out and laid his big paw on them reverently. " Yes, sir; them's they," he said softly.

" What did you do after you saw Miss Linda going through the grove toward Mr. Carroll's house? "

" Nothin'. I went home right after that."

The prosecutor returned suddenly to his seat, saying blithely, "Cross-examine!"

Joe Barnard lumbered toward the witness.

"Willie," he began, "when you first saw Miss Stuart coming toward you that night, what did you say to her?"

"I didn't say nothin'. I just sat quiet."

"What's the matter?" Joe Barnard asked gently. "You told me yesterday that you *had* spoken to her. Don't you remember what you said?"

Willie gazed at him blankly for a moment, and then a light dawned in his eyes. "Oh—oh, sure!" he exclaimed. "That's right. Sure I spoke to her!"

"Your Honor!" interrupted Wilmott furiously. "The witness did not tell me there was any conversation! I know nothing of this!"

"You had a chance to examine him, Mr. Wilmott. Perhaps you forgot to ask him. The Court fails to see why this evidence should not be admitted."

"I did ask him! He distinctly said there was no conversation between them!" raged the prosecutor.

The judge's voice was as cool as spring water. "Are you attacking the credibility of your own witness, Mr. Wilmott?"

The prosecutor stood silent, glaring.

"You may proceed," the judge instructed placidly.

"Well, Willie, what was it that you said to Miss Stuart as she approached you?"

"I said—I said—" Willie scowled in the effort to remember clearly. Then he brought it out triumphantly: "I said, 'Where you goin', Miss Linda?' And she says, 'We're goin' to a party at Mr. Carroll's house, Willie. If you go around to the back door and ask Leon Griggs, mebbe he'll give you some of the ice cream.' Leon was the butler there," he explained importantly.

Every one stared, motionless, at Willie. Even the judge stared. As for Stanley Wilmott, he stood transfixed. Joe Barnard allowed himself a grin.

IN the far corner some one's guffaw was cut off by the sharp rap of the gavel. "Any one guilty of a demonstration will be put out of the room." The Court spoke peremptorily. Then he turned to the witness. "You're quite sure you remember this conversation?"

Willie smiled back at the judge trustfully. "Oh, yes, sir! She said I could have some of the ice cream."

"And did you?" The judge's voice was gentle. "*Did* you go to the back door and get some ice cream?"

Willie's face expressed ecstatic memory. "I sure did!" he exclaimed blissfully. "I had four helpings!"

"You mean—" began Joe Barnard. "Do you mean, Willie, that late at night Mr. Carroll was having a party?"

"Why—why, sure, I guess so. It was dark, anyway."

The judge considered him gravely and then said, "Willie, a little while ago you testified that Miss Stuart said, '*We* are going to a party at Mr. Carroll's.' What did she mean by '*we*'? Wasn't she alone?"

Willie stared back at the judge. He shook his head.

"Oh, no, sir. She wasn't alone. She had Miss Amy with her—Mrs. Winter she is now—and Dex Bowman. They was all goin' to the party with her. She looked purty," he said wistfully. "She had on a white dress—and a blue sash, just like her eyes."

The judge leaned closer. "But you told Mr. Wilmott that she was wearing a dark-blue suit and cap."

Willie eyed him distrustfully, even hostilely. "No, sir! She was all white, just like I say. And I says, 'Where you goin', Miss Linda?' And she says, 'We're goin' to a party at Mr. Carroll's house, and if—'"

"And she didn't have on the blue suit, then? She was dressed all in white?"

"All but the sash," said Willie firmly.

The judge glanced at Joe Barnard to indicate that he was through. But Joe Barnard was through too. With a grim smile he said softly, "That's all." He bowed to the prosecutor, who only glared and snapped, "No more questions!"

But as Willie started to leave the box he jumped to his feet. "Just a minute!" he cried. "Willie Collins, did you or did you not say that you saw Miss Stuart the night of your birthday, late at night, in a dark-blue suit, and coming through the woods?"

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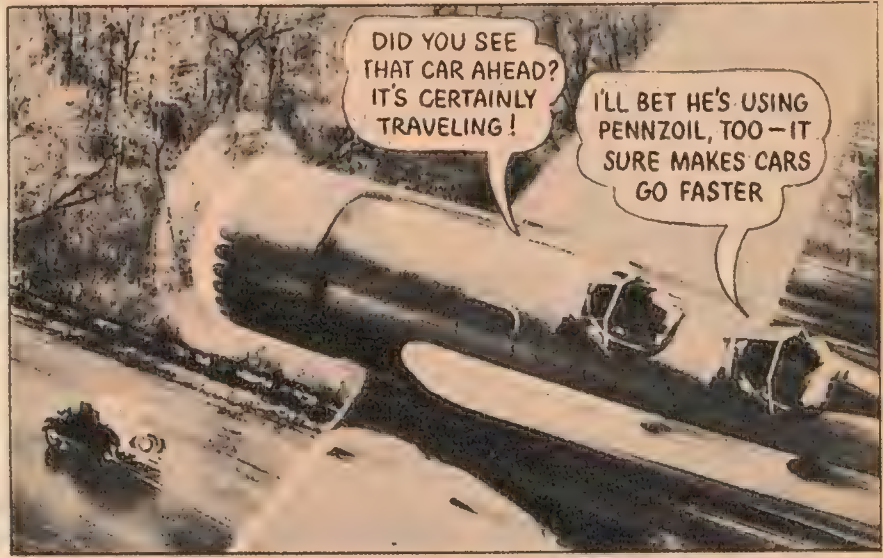
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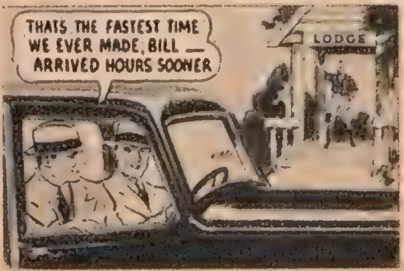
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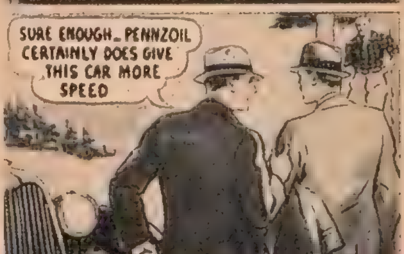
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This was very different from the respectful attention Willie had commanded the day before, and it was a change that he plainly resented.

"Sure I seen her that night!" he shouted. "I just been tellin' you! She was all in white and they was goin' to have ice cream, and I went to the back door like she told me to, and Leon he give me some strawberry ice cream, and after I'd finished that—"

In despair Stanley Wilmott threw up his hands. "All right! That's all! Step down!"

Along the benches every one took a long breath and many smiles were exchanged. Sullenly Willie Collins followed an attendant out of the room.

Amy was called briefly to the stand, and then Dex, and finally Leon Griggs. Their stories agreed in all details with Amy's recital.

"I remember the occasion perfectly," she said. "Clay was having a garden party in the evening, and some of us had been at Linda's house for dinner. Clay went home right after dinner and the rest of us followed later, about eight thirty. Naturally we took the path through the pine grove. Willie Collins was in there, playing a little mouth organ. He said, 'Where are you going?' And Linda said, 'We're going to Mr. Clayton's house for a party. Perhaps they'll give you some ice cream if you go to the back door.'"

"Did he say anything to you or to Dexter Bowman?"

"Mercy, no; Willie never noticed any one else when Linda was around! She did look especially pretty that night—she was all in white."

"When did this encounter take place, Mrs. Winter?"

"Oh, that was a long time ago. It was before my last child was born. It must have been three years ago."

"That will be all, Mrs. Winter. Cross-examine."

"No questions," was the weary response from Wilmott.

. . . . .

"YOUR HONOR—gentlemen of the jury—"

The trial of Linda Stuart was drawing to its close. Joe Barnard was summing up for the defense.

"The time has come," he told them, "for you to ask of yourselves and your consciences one question: Do you believe that the story which Linda Stuart has told here on the stand is the truth, or do you think she is telling a lie?"

It was as simple as that, he declared. Going eloquently over the testimony as to Linda's character that had been given by lifelong friends of hers, and insisting that her life had been not merely above reproach but "transparent as a glass of spring water," and that not a shred of evidence had been adduced, or could be, to indicate that she was capable even of telling a lie—to say nothing of committing a murder—he arrived at his explanation as to the way in which Clay Carroll had met death.

"Of course you know what we believe," he said. "All the evidence points to suicide. We know that he was on the verge of ruin and disgrace. The last person to see him alive, his broker, testifies amply to that, although my worthy opponent managed to bar most of that testimony on the ground that it was irrelevant. That is true; it *is* irrelevant—because it is not my function to show that Clayton Carroll committed suicide but only that it was *not* Linda Stuart who fired the shot.

"Nay, more; my task is made still easier. You of the jury must remember that it is not my duty to prove Linda Stuart's innocence but the state's to prove her guilty—and that *beyond all reasonable doubt.*

"WHAT a task for the state! What a hopeless task—for even the cleverest lawyers! But they are attempting it, and it is our duty, therefore, to examine what they call their 'proofs.' Let us see of what these 'proofs' consist. The state will tell you that Linda became engaged to Carroll not out of love but because he had money. Why, then, did she not marry him? Surely her financial position would have been infinitely more secure as a wife than as a fiancée!

"The state blames her for her coldness and her indifference. We are willing to admit that perhaps her feeling for Clay was a friendly rather than a romantic love, but what is there to show that he was not perfectly satisfied? She says she loved him, and everything bears out that statement. She was agreeable, docile, and considerate—all the testimony points that way. There were never any quarrels. Even when she took it into her head that she wanted to try her hand at earning her own living, she was perfectly willing to accede to Clay's wish that she return to her home instead. And, incidentally, does not that venture on her part prove that she was *not* mercenary?

"And if Clay had been the ardent, impatient suitor that the state claims he was, surely, knowing her nature, we must believe that she would have quietly and agreeably given in to his wishes in that as she did in everything else.

"The state has made much of her sudden—and violent, they say—infatuation for Scott Barclay. What evidence have they to bear out that contention? They met casually, and because Barclay was a solitary sort who wanted to write, she respected his wishes and mentioned his existence to no one. But even solitary people want some companionship, and in the most natural way in the world they became friends.

"Because Clay, however, was in California, and because Scott wished to preserve his own privacy, it looked to the neighbors like a most wickedly clandestine affair.

"After Clay's return we have from Linda's own lips that she stopped seeing Scott because Clay was jealous. If she was guilty of this man's murder, would she be apt to admit his jealousy? No; but she does, and she admits that because of it she quietly and docilely relinquished her friendship with Barclay. Does this argue a spirit of revenge? And if she had felt a strong attraction to Scott Barclay, a desire to marry him or run away with him, would she not either have defied Clay or set about to deceive him? And she did neither.

"There is not one scrap of evidence to show that she loved Scott more than Clay. It is evident that his feelings were strong enough, and obvious that he must have urged her to give up Clay and marry him. He was still urging her when he wrote the letter the state has introduced. If you will read that letter in its natural, logical meaning, you will see that the state has read into it a great many things which are not there. It is merely the simple, heartbroken letter of a man in love who is forced to give up his beloved. The mention of 'your decision' means nothing more sinister than the 'decision' she had made not to see him again.

"Very well. Linda Stuart, then, made her decision. And with that decision came happiness and relief. And with that relief was born, at last, a more romantic love. Linda at last began to feel a more passionate attachment to Clay, and he to her. And once that desire was born, there seemed no use in any further delay. By marrying quietly, at once, they could avoid all the fuss and stew of a wedding.

"But remember that Clay, when that marriage was decided on in the afternoon, although carrying a guilty conscience that he had willfully mismanaged the bank's funds, still believed that he had nothing, really, to worry about. It was only that night, during the conference with his broker, that Clay must have seen that only by a miracle of manipulation would he be able to avoid discovery and disgrace.

"Whatever he must have felt, Clay bluffed magnificently. He gave no hint to his broker that he had been dealing with anything but his private fortune, no hint that the money it was necessary for him to raise by the next afternoon would not be forthcoming. But he must have known—*known that very night*—that he would not be able to raise the collateral.

"IN the still small hours of the night I contend that one of two things happened to Clay. Either he lost his nerve, or he was overwhelmed by remorse.

"And either of those motives, gentlemen, is enough to drive a man to suicide!

"But, as I say, Linda Stuart is your concern. She is on trial for her life for the murder of Clayton Carroll, the man who had just learned he was to face probable ruin on the morrow.

"Well! Let us examine what the state has found in the circumstances of that night to substantiate its belief in her guilt. The broken trellis. I do not pretend to explain the broken trellis. I only point out that any one of a thousand things may have happened. The most likely one, to my mind, is that a sneak thief made an attempt to enter that window, and abandoned it abruptly when he found the trellis would not bear his weight.

"Then there is the damp suit. It rained during the night, and instead of waking up and shutting her window Linda slept through, quietly and peacefully—dreaming perhaps of the time, so close now, when she would be Clay's wife. But in the meantime her suit, and the gloves within the pocket, were becoming soaked through.

"And it was not until she and her aunt were at breakfast the next morning that she saw Leon Griggs running wildly toward the house through her garden. And she, thinking it was news about his baby and that something had gone wrong, stepped quickly out on to the porch and called, 'What is it, Griggs? What's the matter?'

"If she had been guilty, would she have hurried out, like that, to meet a fact that she already knew?

"What else has the state? No fingerprints. No footprints. No noise heard by any one around the house.

"Oh, yes: the testimony of Willie Collins.

"Gentlemen, out of respect for your intelligence, and out of consideration for the mother of this poor ill-fated creature who has the body of a man and the mind of a tiny child, I am going to pass gently over the farce of his testimony.

"What else is there? There was no motive. She was going to marry Clay in a week. She was happy and content. And although I could swear that she did not consider the mercenary side of it, we know that through marriage she would benefit financially as much as she ever could through his death.

"She had the means, perhaps, and the opportunity, for a foul deed. Yes. But what about the motive?

"We know that means and opportunity without a motive simply don't make sense.

"Gentlemen, I am in no real doubt of what your verdict is to be. To my mind, there is but one conceivable conclusion. The sad part of it is that although it will give you happiness and clear your consciences to lift the cloud of suspicion from this noble woman and give her back the blessed freedom which is her right, yet there is something you cannot give back to her. Something more precious to her than her own life. And that is the life of the man who was to fulfill and enrich her days—the life, gentlemen, of Clayton Carroll! To such a woman, bereaved as she has been, the best that you can return is only half a life!"

HE sat down, and Stanley Wilmott rose slowly to his feet. "My opponent has made a very touching plea, and I would be the last to deny it," he began. The jury watched him, spellbound.

"As I sat there listening I almost felt tears start to my own eyes. Gentlemen, it was as sincere and moving as any defense I have heard for a long time.

"But though a good play grips you and plays on your emotions—after it is over the curtain goes down, and you suddenly realize that while it's been very pretty and artistic, it just—doesn't—happen to be true!

"There isn't a thing in the world the matter with Mr. Barnard's plea except that it isn't borne out by the facts!

"Now I concede that Linda Stuart is a beautiful woman, and I have perceived all along that because of that beauty my task would be a thousandfold more difficult. But, gentlemen, I would not be doing my sacred duty toward this great commonwealth unless I were willing, for the protection of *your* wives and *your* sweethearts, to turn up the hard cold facts in this case.

"It is true that there is not one living witness who was in the house that night to testify to the manner of this foul deed. Not one person who even heard the shot. Not one fingerprint. And yet murderers have worn gloves before this to conceal the evidence of their acts! Do you think Linda Stuart so stupid as not to know that fingers leave marks of identification? And don't forget, gentlemen, that a pair of gloves, hastily rolled up, was found in the pocket of the damp coat.

"Unfortunately it rained that night, obliterating all footprints. And yet there is something very interesting about that rain. Miss Stuart says that the coat became damp from the rain coming in the window. Very well. And that the gloves were rolled up in a pocket in that coat. The next day, when the girl Minnie pressed the coat, she took out the gloves but did not unroll them, and some hours later, when they were found by the police, they were *still damp*—and you are bound to ask yourselves how those gloves could possibly have become so wet unless she had worn them in the rain and *then* rolled them up to put in her pocket!

"There is another fact about that rain even more surprising. What a strange and unnatural rain which on that particular night seems to have defied the laws of nature and blown into a window which opened on the east, when we have been able to establish definitely that the wind was blowing from the west!

"We come, then, to the matter of the broken trellis. If, as the defense contends, it was a thief trying to climb *up* to the roof rather than some one trying to run *from* the roof, how does he account for the fact that the vines were very obviously disturbed *above* the broken part of the trellis as well as below? Suppose we accept his story for the moment and concede that the thief was frightened by the noise of the breaking wood. He would immediately have jumped to the ground, would he not? Surely he would not continue up? And supposing, for the sake of argument, he *had* continued on up, daring discovery, why, then, is there no evidence whatever that he attempted to enter and rob Linda's room?

"Then there is the testimony of Willie Collins. Mr. Barnard says his brain is that of a six-year-old child. Very well. I gladly admit it. I say, *all the more reason* for believing that what he says is true! Certain details he has confused, but the germ of truth is there! Since his mind is so young, he tells the simple truth as it seems to him, quite simply, as a child does.

"*I believe that Willie Collins saw Linda Stuart in her blue suit in the woods the night Clayton Carroll was shot to death, all the nonsense about the strawberry ice cream notwithstanding!*

"Now to go back to the motive—"

SHE had, he said, two most powerful reasons to desire Clay's death: Greed and Love. There had appeared a man who had awakened in her "a passion which Clay had had no power to arouse." But this man, Scott Barclay, had been virtually penniless. And so Linda, "who had not needed to murder for greed alone," had come to her murderous decision.

Barclay had tried to dissuade her. "But the woman dominated him as Ruth Snyder dominated Judd Gray" —and although Barclay himself had shrunk from the crime, he had been willing for Linda to commit it and then join him. "What a man for her to have chosen in preference to Clay Carroll!"

As for Linda, she had realized she must strengthen the impression in the town that she did love Clay. That was why she had instructed her aunt that afternoon to announce their forthcoming marriage. Meanwhile she had learned from Clay's own lips that he was to be alone in his house that night, and "like a gift from hell itself" she had seen her chance.

"Calmly, possessed by her unholy plot, she ate her dinner as usual with her aunt. She went to her room early. From the bathroom she could easily see the light that would appear in Clay's window on his return.

"So much for her motive. And so much for her opportunity. As for the means, that had been clear in her mind from the beginning. You remember hearing Leon Griggs testify that on one of Linda's frequent trips to the big house, months before, she had found him cleaning Carroll's revolver and he had explained that Mr. Carroll always kept one at his bedside for protection?

"When she saw his light, she donned the dark-blue suit, drew on the chamois gloves. Of course she may have taken off those gloves later —because, when the deed was committed, we know that she dropped the gun into the fire, so that there were, in any case, no clear fingerprints on it.

"Probably she had not known, however, that she would be able to do this, and having the gloves was a wise precaution.

"We come, then, to the point where she had seen Clay's light in his room go on and presently go off.

"She knows that at last he has gone to bed. It remains now only for her to reach his side, to get her fingers on the trigger of that revolver. How shall she accomplish this? In order to go down the stairway she would have to pass her aunt's room. Knowing that her aunt slept lightly, she preferred to run no risks. If she could creep out on to the roof and down the trellis at the end, she would be quieter.

"She tried it. When she was near the ground the trellis cracked and broke. She jumped the remaining distance and got clear. Silently she sped through the pine grove.

"But apparently she was neither so quiet nor so invisible but that Willie Collins, who was there in the shadows, saw her and even knew what she had on.

"She reaches Clay's room. Furtively she peers in and makes sure that he is asleep.

"But she is not destined, as she had hoped, to kill him in his sleep. No; as she enters he is awakened, and he switches on the lamp at his bedside. Linda, thwarted for the moment, has to change her tactics suddenly, and pretend that she has come on some friendly errand. Probably she is a good actress—indeed we have seen here in court that she is!—and evidently he was not alarmed. There is no evidence of a struggle. Probably it was at this point that he put on his dressing gown, lit the fire, and smoked the cigarette.

"How queer that midnight call from her must have seemed to him! No doubt he trusted her and believed whatever flimsy excuses she may have given for being there.

"As for her, we can only imagine how she maneuvered so that she would be in a position to pick up that revolver—and fire it point-blank against his breast.

"Did remorse clutch her as she watched him fall? Did she think of all the benefits she had received at his hands?

"Too late now! What is done can never be undone.

"IT was only a matter of seconds, then, to leave him on the floor, to arrange his arm as if he himself had dropped the gun into the fire, to hurry back across the lawn to her own home. In the interval it had started to rain. This time she did not trust the lattice, but took off her muddy shoes on the porch, let herself in by the dining-room door, and went upstairs. In her room, she took off her gloves and stuffed them carelessly in a coat pocket, undressed hastily, and left her suit over a chair near the window—to *dry*, gentlemen, as it had already been rained on!

"She went to bed, and you can decide for yourselves whether she slept. Anyway, she managed to meet her aunt as usual for breakfast the next morning, to run to the door when she saw Griggs coming. And we know how he cried, in his fright and agitation, the very words that she had meant for him to say: 'Oh, Miss Linda, it isn't that! It's Mr. Carroll! He's killed himself!'

"Everything worked out perfectly. And what a trump card was played into her hands when the auditors at the bank found that he was involved in a scandal which would lend credence to the suicide theory! Yet, along with that, there was also the worry that his private fortune was threatened! What a relief to find there was something left, even tied up as it was!

"THAT'S all. Clayton Carroll lies dead, and even though he was at fault, gentlemen—at very grave fault for having invested funds which belonged to the bank—that, after all, is a very minor offense when we compare it with what we are faced with in this woman.

"As far as Linda Stuart was concerned, he was in love with her with all the clean, honorable love of the normal man who wants to found a family and is willing to wait for years, if necessary, to get the woman of his choice. When he was only eighteen he chose her, misled by her pretty face and innocent baby eyes, and for nearly fifteen years he had cleaved to her. As far as this town knows, he never so much as looked at another woman."

Wilmott went on with telling thoroughness and deliberation to round out his damaging portrayal of Linda's nature. He reminded the jury of Clay's generosity, of his constant companionship, of his management of her affairs and her aunt's. "And all this time he was begging her to marry him and all this time she was holding him off. Like Jacob, Clay waited, eating his heart out for the girl who had his love from the beginning.

"And the girl? She 'strung him along,' as they say. The 'teaser' type—and, gentlemen, if there is anything more contemptible than that kind of woman, it is a woman who will commit murder to accomplish her purpose.

"Perhaps she meant to go on until the end taking all and giving nothing. But at the coming of Scott Barclay she found out that she was made of flesh and blood, not ice. And yet even then she was not content to go to Clay honestly and break with him. No! There was a surer, a more deadly way than that. I have shown you the steps by which she decided that this way was her way.

"Gentlemen, in all solemnity I ask you to forget the beauty of this woman and to find Linda Stuart guilty of murder in the first degree!"

So presently, when the judge has delivered his charge, Linda's fate will be in the jurors' hands. Will they find her guilty? And IS she?—did she really kill Clay Carroll? For the answers, which are breath-taking, read next week's, the concluding installment of Brassbound.

FINISH! FINISH! FINISH!

LIBERTY'S GAME OF STATES

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

THIS IS SET NO. 12 OF THE SERIES!

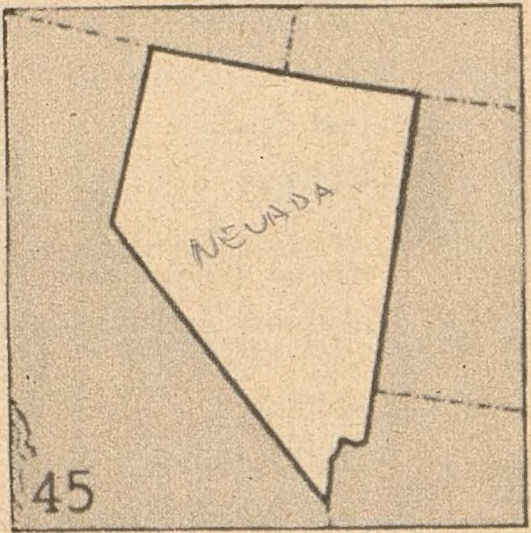
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each $10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each $5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	$3,000

At last they're here! These are the four state maps that complete the Game of States. When you have identified and bounded them your list of forty-eight maps will be complete. Now is the time to write that short statement about your favorite among the states. See Rule 3. Read all of the rules again to make sure that you understand the directions correctly. Liberty again calls the attention of all contestants to the desirability of simplicity. Concentrate on accuracy.

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.
2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.
3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.
4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.
5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.
7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.
8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 12



The District of Columbia claims a greater population than this state. It is bounded on the west and south by a state that has but one navigable river.

Name of state..........................

Bounded by..........................

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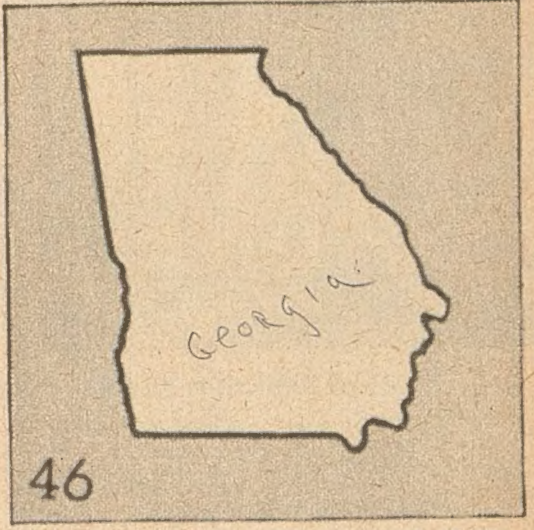

Named for a king, this was one of the thirteen original states. It produces corn, tobacco, and cotton crops of great value. An ocean touches its southwestern shore.

Name of state..........................

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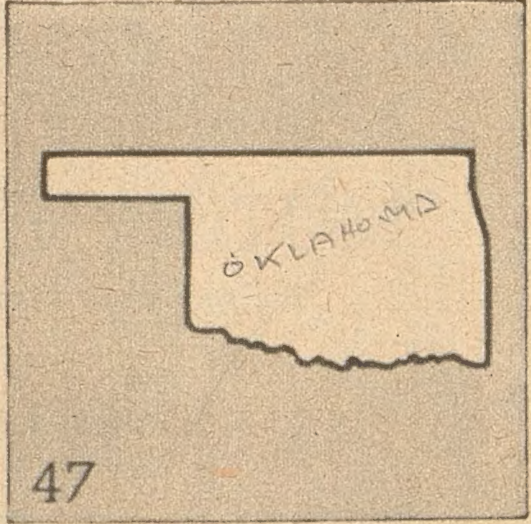

This state was the home of five famous Indian tribes. It is only twenty years since oil was discovered here, yet it has risen to first rank as a producer.

Name of state..........................

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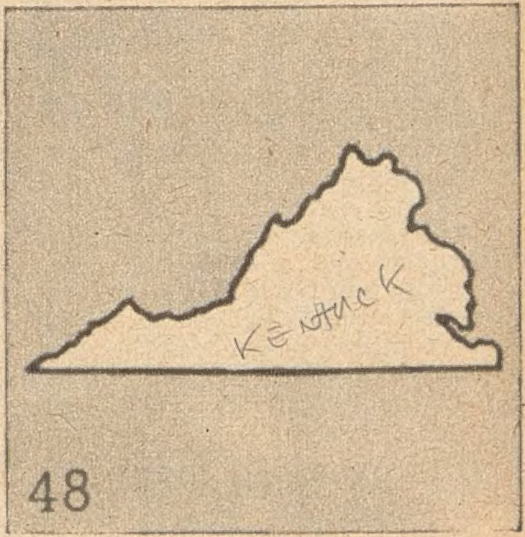

Sometimes called the Old Dominion, this state is the birthplace of eight federal Presidents. It contains a United States navy yard and shipbuilding plants.

Name of state..........................

Bounded by..........................

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NEXT WEEK A NEW LIMERICK CONTEST FOR $250 CASH PRIZES!

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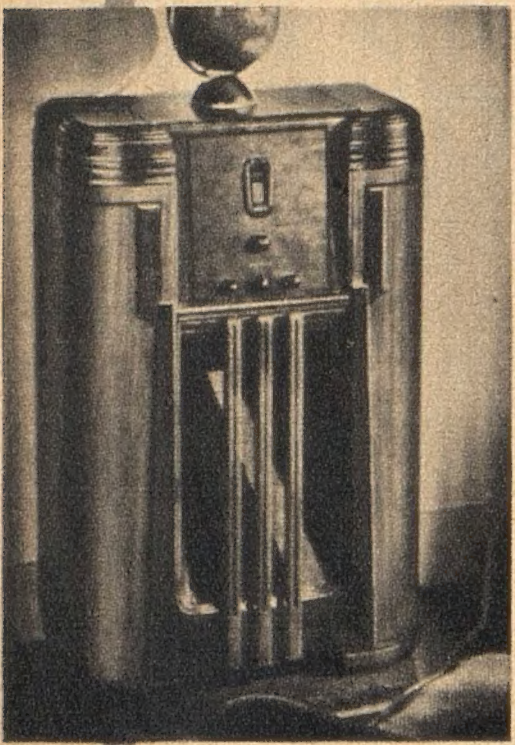

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★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

Beginning

MUTINY IN THE ARCTIC

The real story of the Greely Expedition at last

BY

General William Mitchell

WHAT IT COSTS TO PLAY AMATEUR TENNIS

BY

Helen Hull Jacobs

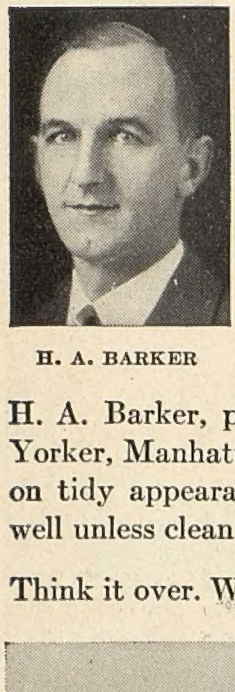
A champion's plea for reason in the rules

Other stories and articles by Konrad Bercovici, Rita Weiman, Edgar Franklin, and others

"He told me to spruce up *or get out*"
PRIVATE

"Jobs often lost . . . *because a man neglects shaving*"

SAYS H. A. BARKER, PERSONNEL MANAGER, HOTEL NEW YORKER


H. A. BARKER

"Spruce up or get out!" How many top executives have said words to this effect! And all for the lack of a clean shave.

Close, careful shaving is essential in business today. Employers can not and *will not* tolerate untidy appearance. One prominent employment manager after another stresses this important fact. "Neglecting to shave well has cost many a man his job," says Mr. H. A. Barker, personnel manager of the famous Hotel New Yorker, Manhattan's largest hotel. "Naturally, we must insist on tidy appearance in all our employees, and no man looks well unless clean shaven."

* * *

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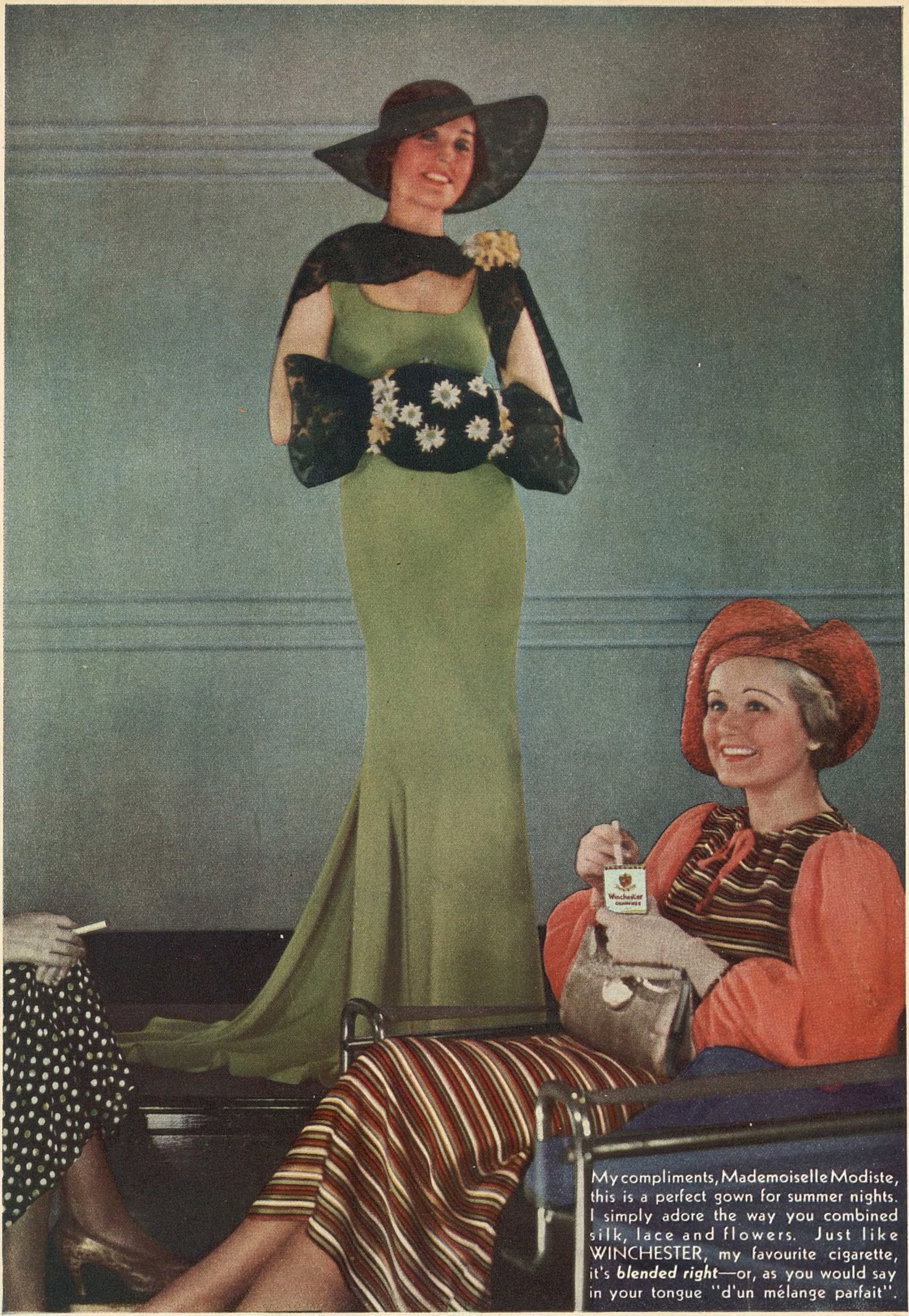
10 FOR 50¢



My compliments, Mademoiselle Modiste, this is a perfect gown for summer nights. I simply adore the way you combined silk, lace and flowers. Just like WINCHESTER, my favourite cigarette, it's ***blended right***—or, as you would say in your tongue "d'un mélange parfait".

Dresses and hats after creations for the summer by Vionnet, Lyolène, Reboux and Mainbocher, Paris.
Direct colour photograph by foto 34, Montreal.